NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

L. MARIA CHILD, Editor. | Without Concealment-----Without Compromise. | DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

VOLUME III.—NO. 26. | NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1842. | WHOLE NUMBER 130.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At 143, Nassau Street, New-York.

☞ All remittances, and letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper, should be addressed to Isaac T. Hopper.

☞ Letters relating to the editorial department should be addressed to L. Maria Child.

TERMS.—$2,00 a year, in advance; $2,50 if not paid within six months.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Selections.

From the Glasgow Argus.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

The Glasgow Emancipation Society held their eighth annual meeting, on the 24th of October. After the annual report had been read and adopted, the following resolutions were offered:

Moved by George Greig, esq. and seconded by Henry Langlands, esq.—

Resolved, That, while this meeting rejoices in the continued happy results of immediate emancipation in the British colonies, it would, at the same time, express its decided conviction, that the situation of the emancipated classes demands the vigilant oversight of the friends of freedom—the laborers in our colonial dependencies being continually exposed to the overreachings of individual proprietors of estates, or the unrighteous enactments of the local legislatures. This meeting would also record its high gratification, in believing that the example of Great Britain, in the complete enfranchisement of the slaves in her colonies, is operating powerfully on the governments of slaveholding States, by inducing an increased attention to the question of emancipation; whilst the formation, in various countries, of anti-slavery associations, under distinguished patronage, affords renewed encouragement to persevere in our efforts to accomplish, through the Divine blessing, the universal extinction of the slave system.

Moved by George Thompson, esq. and seconded by John Dunlop, esq. of Edinburgh,—

Resolved, That this meeting sincerely rejoice, that, in the midst of continued opposition and violence, the abolitionists of the United States have remained firm to their allegiance, and untiring in their efforts, to advance the great cause of entire emancipation for the millions who are held in bondage upon the soil of North America. That this meeting have marked with admiration the many events, proving that the same high courage, the same unflinching zeal, and noble self-denial, which so early won for the devoted abolitionists of the United States the esteem and confidence of this society, continue unabated until the present time; and this meeting believe that, notwithstanding the hatred and fury which have recently been displayed, the anti-slavery cause in the United States is advancing most auspiciously and most rapidly; and this society again tenders, to all engaged in the present glorious struggle in America, the assurance of their warmest sympathy, and that they will continue to do all in their power to co-operate with them, until their labors shall cease with the termination of the foul system of negro slavery.

Moved by the Rev. Alexander Harvie, and carried by the most enthusiastic acclamation—the audience standing—

Resolved, That this meeting has learned, with lively satisfaction, of the intention of their esteemed friend, Mr. Thompson, proceeding to India; fervently trusts his mission to that country may be productive of important service to the emancipation cause; hereby constitutes him their accredited agent and representative in this important undertaking—commends him to the protection and guidance of the Almighty Preserver of men—unanimously approves of the address to Mr. Thompson, now read by the Rev. Mr. Harvie, and directs that it be signed by the chairman, in behalf of the meeting. Mr. Thompson having acknowledged the address in suitable terms, it was—

Moved by George Thompson, esq. and carried by acclamation—the audience again rising—

Resolved, That an address be presented to the distinguished Hindoo, Baboo Dwarkanath Tagore, lately in this country, and in whose company Mr. Thompson proceeds on his mission to India; that he be elected an honorary member of this society; that the address now read by Mr. Thompson meets the unanimous approbation of this meeting, and that it be signed by the chairman, and committed to Mr. Thompson's care.

Mr. George Thompson, on rising, was received with loud and reiterated cheering. He said, it was with pleasure that he again stood up to address an assembly of the citizens of Glasgow; and yet it was not without a feeling of regret that he appeared before them, as this was to him something in the way of a farewell meeting, prior to a long journey to a distant land, where, however, he would be solaced with the reflection that one of the last interviews he had with any portion of his countrymen was in this city, the associations connected with which were of so pleasurable a character, from the first moment it was his privilege to become acquainted with any individual in it. He was glad, on this occasion, to move a resolution in reference to the operations of their beloved fellow-laborers on the other side of the Atlantic. He had closely marked their proceedings during the past year, a longer period, owing to the postponement of their anniversary, than had usually elapsed, and, though variously engaged during the year with other, but important avocations, he had always, by a constant supply of all the anti-slavery periodicals that had appeared, been made intimately acquainted with the progress of the different sections of abolitionists throughout the United States; and, with reference to all of them, he was gratified in saying that their progress had been of a highly cheering and animating description. (applause.) He could not, in fact, point out more distinctly the strength of the anti-slavery cause in that country, than by referring, on the one hand, to the virulent opposition manifested against it, and on the other, to the distinguished marks of success which were exhibited in every direction. (cheers.) Since the last anniversary, the abolition cause in America had borne an aspect of more than ordinary interest. There had been more attention directed towards the subject in Congress; and the enemies of freedom had been calling conventions of merchants and meetings of slaveholders together, all testifying to his mind that the cause of abolition was now thoroughly rooted—that it had come out in living, powerful, palpable existence, and that it was no longer what it was a few years ago, a thing to be contemned as unworthy of notice, but a thing that was to be grappled with, and which commanded the attention of all classes in the United States of America. (cheers.) The greatest senators of the United States had deemed it their duty to come out and express their sentiments on this question, as a question that now entered vitally into the great machinery of that vast country.

Having read the resolution which he had to propose, Mr. Thompson proceeded to say that it would be exceedingly delightful to him to speak much of the United States, and of particular individuals there who had distinguished themselves by acts only differing from their former acts by a higher degree of zeal and labor, (hear, hear);—but this was a question on which he had so often addressed them, that he would rather pass to a subject which, though it referred more particularly to himself, was of a more novel character, and more suited to the circumstances in which they were mutually assembled. (hear.) He was thankful that he had this opportunity of meeting the members of the emancipation society and its friends, because he did feel a degree of jealousy in reference to the mission on which he was about to enter, and the nature of which he was desirous should not be misunderstood by those with whom he had been so long associated. He should have been excessively grieved if he left this country and this city, with the suspicion resting on any mind that he was about to separate himself from those with whom he had labored in various enterprises; and he was anxious to disabuse any individual of the idea that, in undertaking the journey to the eastern hemisphere, he was actuated by any feeling of personal ambition, or by any desire to advance his own individual objects in life. (hear.) They would allow him, then, to give them, once for all, a very simple and brief statement of the circumstances that had led him to form the determination of leaving, on the 1st of November, this country, for a temporary sojourn in the East Indies.

It was not unknown to them that, for the last four years, his mind had been more or less occupied with the condition of our fellow-subjects, the natives of British India. (hear, hear.) When in this city he delivered his first address on the claims our fellow-subjects in India had on the sympathy and exertion of the people of this country—with the information he then possessed, he was led to the belief that we had neglected our duties to that empire—that we were blinded to our interests in neglecting those duties, and that the value of India to us, and the obligations resting on England towards India, loudly called on us to study a question that we had hitherto regarded as one of indifference. (cheers.) From that time down to the present moment, he had continued to collect information from the best and most authentic sources, on the matter; and the information he had disseminated had, unexpectedly to him, attracted the attention, and enlisted the co-operation of very many friends, both here and in the East Indies. (cheers.) The result of their labors had been, that he had received from an individual who lately visited this city, but who did not tarry long enough to have any mark of respect paid to him by this society—he had received from that individual, who was the organ of a considerable number of the natives of India, an invitation either to remain here and become their accredited agent, or take a journey along with that individual to India; and, by so doing, gather such information as might enable him to come back with greater benefit to the cause than by remaining here and acquiring information simply through the medium of official records, or the communications of friends. (renewed cheering.) It was with considerable reluctance, and great pain, that he was induced to entertain this position, and ultimately he laid the matter before those whom he deemed it his duty to consult. He did so with as much candor as he could; and though he found that there were many anxious to retain him in this country, to engage in a struggle that was likely to occupy the whole of the ensuing winter—a struggle which he hoped would come to a successful termination—they released him, and said the path of duty was plain before him, and that he could not be engaged in a work more likely to be conducive to the interests of India than that which he had been requested to undertake. (cheers.)

The individual from whom he had received the invitation, and with whom he was to proceed to India, was a gentleman of whom he begged to say a few words. His name would not be very intelligible to that audience, but he would endeavor to pronounce it—it was Dwarkanath Tagore. This gentleman was a Hindoo of the Brahmin caste, and of course connected with the priesthood of India. When eleven years old, he was left to his own guidance, by the death of his father. At that early period of life, he undertook the management of a Zemindar, or district of Bengal, in which his father had been collector of taxes, a situation of great magnitude and importance. At the age of eighteen, he came into possession of his estates, and acquired their uncontrolled management. Previously they had been superintended by a body in India called the court of wards. After he came into full possession of these patrimonial estates, he applied himself sedulously to an amelioration of the burdens of the soil, and entered into arrangements of a satisfactory nature, when he came to Calcutta, at nineteen years of age. This was at the time when the Hindoo reformer, the Rajah Ramohun Roy, had freed himself from the superstitions of his countrymen, and was carrying on a controversy with the missionaries on the one hand, and the Hindoo Brahmins on the other, with the latter in reference to their peculiar superstitions, and with the former, because he had taken up those views of Christianity held by the denomination called Unitarians. Dwarkanath Tagore, being a Brahmin, and not yet emancipated from the doctrines of his caste, took a decided part against Ramohun Roy, looked upon him with suspicion, and refused to have any personal communication with him. In course of time, however, his feelings of opposition were so far overcome, that he sought the personal intimacy of the Rajah, soon adopted his views, going in some matters before them, became his coadjutor in all the plans which that extraordinary man pursued, and ceased at once to follow the idolatrous customs of his countrymen. He became the founder of a Hindoo college for the instruction of youth. He was also the chief promoter of a medical college, a striking innovation on the customs of the Hindoos, and had, besides, taken a principal management in all the munificent measures calculated to annihilate the physical suffering or mental ignorance of his countrymen throughout India. At the age of twenty-two, he was appointed by the government of Bengal the head of the revenue system, known by the name of the salt and opium department; and so conscientiously did he perform the duties of that office, and so beneficially alike to the government and the natives, that when, in 1833 or 1834, (which of them he was not quite certain,) he quitted the employment of government, he received the highest testimonials from your late lamented representative, the excellent and benevolent Lord William Bentinck, who earnestly pressed on him the rank and dignity of a rajah, which, however, he declined, choosing rather to remain a private citizen, and be ranked among his fellow-countrymen, than accept the high dignity offered him. (cheers.) About the same period, during the administration of Lord William Bentinck, Dwarkanath Tagore took a very decisive and distinguished part in the great measure, so long prayed for in this country, as well as by the Europeans in India—the abolition of the rite of Suttee, or the custom of burning widows on the graves of their husbands. (cheers.) When this question was agitated, the civil and military servants of the government, almost without exception, prophesied that, in the event of a decree going forth abolishing the rite, there would be a rebellion throughout India, only to end, possibly, in the overthrow of the British government in that part of the world. The late Ramohun Roy and his friend were not among the number of those who viewed the matter in this light. As a question of humanity and sound policy, they advocated the measure in spite of the fears of the European and native community; and he had learned that it was chiefly by the opinions of Ramohun Roy and Dwarkanath Tagore that Lord William Bentinck was encouraged to put forth the proclamation, which put an end to the burning of widows in every part of the British possessions. (cheers.) Dwarkanath Tagore was the first Hindoo who ever founded an establishment in India for the purpose of carrying on commercial operations with foreign countries, and having connections in various parts of the globe, besides India. In 1832, after the failure of a large number of houses in Calcutta, and when the credit of that city was prostrated, in this state of things, encouraged by Lord William Bentinck, Dwarkanath Tagore became the founder of a firm that existed at the present day, entered into relations with the banking establishments, and thus became one of the most extensive merchants in Calcutta.

He might also mention that there was not an institution in India for the benefit of his country, which had not received the personal superintendance, and the most liberal contributions from this gentleman. It was from this distinguished person, who had previously conversed with the natives of Calcutta on the subject, that he had received an invitation to visit India in company with him—(cheers)—and when there, to enter also into communication with the people of Bombay and Madras; for the success of the measures in which they are engaged had a bearing on the condition of the natives of all India. Having accepted this invitation, he had no wish to go out there as a solitary individual, disconnected from the present and kindred societies with whom he had labored for the improvement of India. He should wish to go to the East Indies closely associated with them, if possible accredited by them, and to sustain the character of their representative, and humble and devoted agent. (cheers.) He had distinctly stated to his friends with whom he was acting, that his visit was one solely of public utility—(continued cheering)—that his attention would be directed to all abuses of the government, to the slavery of India, to the atrocious Hill Coolie system, and to the grievous land-tax, which lay as an incubus on the industry of the people—that in all these and other points of grievance he would be an inveterate and irreconcilable opponent. (cheers.) In order to enhance the importance of his mission, perhaps they would allow him to point to a few topics on which his attention would be occupied, to which his labors would be devoted, and about which he would endeavor to acquire all the information in his power. (cheers.) For several years past there had been going on a war in Affghanistan. In that war more than 20 millions sterling had been expended in the invasion of a country inhabited by a race of men as friendly in their disposition towards us, as averse to anything like hostility to us, and as desirous to be on terms of peace and commercial intercourse with us, as any people on the face of the earth. The Affghans were a people who never inflicted an injury on us, or gave occasion for any quarrel, either by words or by deeds; but, in consequence of our refusal to concede to the just conditions of that magnanimous prince, Dost Mahomed, and in order to give place, and emolument, and patronage to a small number of men who planned the war, and who had conducted it to so disgraceful an issue, the Affghans were attacked by our forces. (hear.) This war had cost us upwards of twenty millions. If half that sum had been expended in improving India, in the making of roads, in freighting vessels for traffic from one end of India to the other, it would have been a blessing to the whole nation. (cheers.) He would go to India, therefore, an enemy to the enlargement of our possessions in that country—an enemy to war with every nation in that country—and with irreconcilable hostility to the outrages we were committing on the territory and inhabitants of a distant and once friendly nation, and to bear his testimony against a measure that had stamped with infamy both the late government and the present. (cheers.) Mr. Thompson then proceeded to state that the subject of slavery in India would also engage his attention while in that country and referred to the fact, that though, when the new charter was obtained, and took effect in 1834, it was resolved to bring the institution of slavery to an end, nothing had been done to liberate one slave down to the present time. He then referred to the Hill Coolie system. Two years ago, Lord John Russell strove to introduce into the colonial passengers' bill, a clause admitting the importation of Hill Coolies into the West Indies. That clause met with the hostility not only of the men now in power, but with the opposition of the directors in Leadenhall Street; and, through the bold opposition of Mr. Lushington, who, he had reason to know, lost his seat for the course which he had pursued in reference to this measure, the clause was struck out of the bill. But, strange to say, Lord Stanley, who, eighteen monhts previously, had given his opposition to this very clause, introduced it himself into the colonial passengers' bill, and got the co-operation of his friends in the House to the measure; and, stranger still, the East India Company, without any additional light, or any known motive to cause a change in their opinions, gave their sanction to the measure; and the Hill Coolie system, insisted on in 1837 by Lord Glenelg, frowned down by the country, and attempted to be introduced again by Lord John Russell, was now the law of the land, with the aid of the old ladies in Leadenhall street. (hear.) Here Mr. Thompson told an anecdote connected with the working of this atrocious system. He lately met with a gentleman who had been a magistrate, as we understood, in Calcutta, from whom he received the fact. It is necessary, before the exportation of Coolies can take place, that they should be brought before a magistrate, to be examined as to their knowledge of the contract into which they are entering, and to receive passes, should the magistrate be satisfied with their replies. The gentleman to whom he had referred stated that, on one occasion, seventy Coolies were brought before him for examination, all intelligent, healthy men. He questioned them on every necessary point, and found them well informed, thoroughly satisfied with the contract into which they were about to enter, acquainted with the nature of the labor, and the amount of the wages, and fully prepared to enter into the bargain. He had, therefore, nothing to do but to give authority to the parties to take them on board the vessel lying in the river for their reception. In the course of the day information reached him that a large body of men were forcibly detained in a boat on the river, which was about to go down to a vessel lying at some distance bound for the Mauritius. He sent a person to detain the parties, and afterwards found to his astonishment that seventy men, not the men he passed in the morning, but a number of miserable-looking beings, some of them in a state of stupefaction, were to have been carried by force to the vessel, under authority of the pass he had given to the seventy individuals, who had been induced, by a small sum, to commit the deception. By this means, he came to discover the true nature of the system, and that thousands had in this way been passed who never appeared in person before a magistrate at all. (shame.) And any one who knew anything of the protective system in the West Indies, might suppose what amount of protection these poor creatures would obtain when they reached the Mauritius. There were many other questions connected with India, into which it would be his duty to inquire; among others, the land-tax system, which was fraught with much oppression to the natives of India. On this point, he (Mr. Thompson) was most anxious, and would collect all the information in his power to be communicated in due time to the people of this country.—(cheers.) The monopoly of salt and opium was also a monster grievance in India, and would call for inquiry. The restrictions on trade, the cultivation of cotton, of sugar, and of rice, in India, so intimately connected with the abolition of slavery—the extension of steam communication, one of the most efficient means of connecting the two countries together; these, and many other points, required to be investigated, and would attract his notice. (cheers.) He had brought forward topics enough to show the importance of his intended mission; and there were others, to which, however, in present circumstances, he did not feel at liberty to refer, lest, by so doing, he might injure the very object he had in view in relation to them. (Here Mr. Thompson produced the translation of the letter from the Rajah of Sattara, laid before the last meeting of the society; but, on account of its extreme length, only a portion of it was read, and it was agreed to adhibit it to the published report of the committee.) Mr. Thomson then proceeded. Before resuming his seat, he could assure them he committed himself in the fullest manner to the advocacy of all those principles, for the maintenance of which he had hitherto secured their influence and co-operation. (cheers.) He would not give a rash promise, but he did feel disposed to promise, that from this moment till his return among them once more, he would inflexibly adhere to those principles, in preference to any objects personal to himself, however strong the temptation might be to turn aside from the public duty to which he was committed. (cheers.) They must bear in mind that the mission on which he was about to enter was one of a peculiar kind; and that it would be, in many respects, different from his mission to America. In India, he would not be permitted to call public meetings; he would have no voice of public opinion, or of a popular press, to support him; his conduct there must be marked with an amount of discretion, and characterized by a degree of silence, quite unwonted in him; but they might rest assured, that though they heard not from the shores of India the tones of menace or defiance from his lips, he would not be the less devoted to the duties which had led him there. (cheers.) Whatever was done for India, must be done in England; whatever was to be achieved for the benefit of that country, must be by the voice of the public of England. If the government of India was a bad government, it was because the people of this country did not see the influence they possessed in controlling the actions of that government. Whenever the people become aware of their true interests, they would know that they had the power to regulate the affairs of India; and if they could not at once alleviate the condition of 100,000,000 of people, they would at least lay the foundation of institutions that would ensure to succeeding ages a greater amount of prosperity and happiness than had fallen to India in times gone by, and extend to them all the privileges of a connection with an enlightened and Christian nation. (cheers.) He would now bid them farewell; and if they enabled him to go to India with their suffrages, though the amount of his success might be small, his aspirations would be high, and his motives to activity strengthened the more, when he knew that he had a right to act in the name of his old and attached fellow-laborers, to whom he would ever prove faithful, and whom he would ever consider it an honor to serve. (cheers.)

From the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter.

SUGAR CULTURE IN CUBA.

The following article, from a recent number of the *Guiana Gazette*, is altogether too remarkable not to find a place in our columns; but we must be understood as giving it only as we find it, without expressing our concurrence in its statements. They may be all accurate; but some of them seem to demand inquiry and confirmation:

In the course of the late annual prosperity-ruin debate in the combined court, Mr. Croal, upon the ruin side of the question, stated it as his opinion, that to talk of free labor competing with slave labor in the production of sugar was perfectly idle and preposterous, the absurdest notion that ever entered into the head of a dreamer.

Now, by way of throwing a little light on the subject, we beg leave to submit the following statement of the expenses and present produce of a sugar estate in Cuba, lately drawn up by a very intelligent gentleman, one of the most extensive proprietors and attorneys in that island; and communicated to a Demerara planter who happened to be his fellow-passenger across the Atlantic. It will be seen that the circumstances under which it was drawn up, do not leave it open to those suspicions of being framed to suit a particular purpose, to which the statements quoted in the prosperity-ruin debate are unquestionably open. For the sake of clearness, we have changed the order of the original memorandum; but all the items and all the figures remain precisely as given by the Cuba planter.

"Calculation of the expenses and income of a sugar estate in the island of Cuba, which cost $150,000, and which makes 1500 boxes of clayed sugar, of 400lbs. each, of three different qualities; viz.: two-fifths white, and the remainder brown and moist. This estate consists of from 800 to 900 acres, having 330 acres in canes of all ages. Add one-third to the amount of clayed sugars, (according to the usual calculations,) and the produce is equal to 350 tons Muscovado sugar, or 466 hogsheads of 15 cwt. each, being a little over a ton to an acre. This estate is cultivated by 160 slaves.

Twelve slaves, at $400 each, being an outlay of $4,800, are required annually to keep up the population. Legal interest in Cuba, which, of course, runs upon debts incurred and remaining unpaid, is 12 per cent.

EXPENSES.

Manager,	$900	
First overseer,	650	
Second overseer,	380	
Director of the manufacture of sugar,	750	
Engineers,	700	
Clerk,	360	
Doctor,	300	
Carpenters,	500	
Table for managers and overseers,	800	
Total salaries,		—$5,340
Food purchased in addition to vegetables raised on the estate,	4,000	
Clothing,	800	
Repairs of engine, pans, &c.	1,500	
Cattle, 100 oxen, requiring an annual purchase of 15,	750	
Tiles, hose, cutlasses, tallow, oil, &c.	1,800	
Fifteen hundred sugar boxes,	1,880	
Nails, hides, &c.	400	
Lumber,	400	
Transportation fifteen hundred boxes,	3,000	
		$19,870 say 20,000

PRODUCE.

1500 boxes, less 5 per cent. for 75 tythes or taxes.
1425—

Say 570 white, 9,120 arobas (of 26lbs.) at $1,	9,120	
428 yellow, 6,848 " " at 50 cents,	3,424	
428 moist, 6,831 " " at 30 cents,	2,562	
1,425 boxes, at $3 25 each,	4,631	
		$19,737

No rum or molasses, as it will not pay the expense of manufacture, hogsheads, and transport."

It will thus be seen that this estate does not pay its current expenses, without making any allowance for interest on capital invested, repairs, or for the $4,800 annually required to keep good the stock of labor.

Add this annual expense for keeping up the labor of the estate to the other current expenses, and the net average cost of each box of sugar, (without any allowance for repairs or interest) is $18 66; or taking four boxes to be an equivalent to a hogshead, the sugar is produced at the expense of $74 64 per hogshead.

Now, who will undertake to say, that, with good management, economy, and retrenchment, even supposing no accession to our present stock of labor, sugar cannot be produced in this colony at less than $74 64 per hogshead? In point of fact, it is at this moment produced on several estates at a much less cost. We, therefore conclude, that the idea of free labor competing with slave labor in the production of sugar, is not so chimerical as Mr. Croal supposes. If we can compete with Cuba, there is no other slave colony of which we need be afraid.

The memorandum from which we copy, adds:—"The above prices are those ruling at present, but they are only one half of those lately received." This sentence conveys a most important hint to the British West Indies. Of late, when the price of Cuba sugar was high, the Cuba planters were seized with the immigration fever, and, in the course of three or four years, they introduced about 100,000 additional slaves into the island; in consequence of which the increase of produce has brought down the price, till three quarters of the estates are working at a loss, and the proprietors are on the point of ruin. It is only a few of the largest estates that pay their expenses. Q. Suppose the British West India planters could have their way, and could bring to their estates, in the course of three or four years, 100,000 immigrants from the coast of Africa, what would be the price of sugars in the English market, four years hence? and even supposing the produce to be doubled, would not the planters be worse off than they are now? It would be all very well, if we alone could have immigrants; but if we have them, Jamaica has them, Mauritius has them, St. Vincent, Tobago, St. Lucia, and Dominica have them; and, for aught we know, Honduras also. Seventy or eighty thousand hogsheads of sugar, or even fifty thousand, added to the present supply, would bring down the price of British plantation sugars to the Cuba level, being, in fact, just about the prices of the years 1827, 1830, and 1831. This immigration hobby, to say nothing of its cost, would thus appear but too likely to break the necks of its riders.

OHIO AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society convened at Cadiz, Ohio, on the 18th of October, 1842. Cyrus M'Neely was called to the chair, and Wm. Lukens, Jonas D. Cattell, George Garretson, and Dr. Martin Wilson, vice presidents; Joel Woods, Isaac Lewis, and Jesse Holmes, secretaries.

A business committee was appointed consisting of Benjamin Page, A. F. Hanna, Elizabeth Wilson, Henry Heberling, Jane M'Neely, Kersey G. Thomas, James Brooke, Eli Nichols, John A. Collins, Mary Hanna, Ruth Cope, Jane Robinson, Cyrus McNeely.

On motion, Judge Lee was appointed to take the place of the chairman while absent with the business committee. On motion of B. Page, all persons present, or who may be present, whether friendly or unfriendly, were invited to participate in the deliberations of the meeting. Invitation being given John A. Collins addressed the meeting, contrasting the present with the former condition of the anti-slavery cause.

On motion, a committee of two were appointed to enroll the names of the delegates present. K. G. Thomas and Isaac Lewis were appointed.

Afternoon Session.—The business committee made the following report:

Resolved, That we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Resolved, That in the face of these self-evident propositions, it is impossible for any man to believe American slavery can be right.

Resolved, That the advocates of slavery in their efforts to sustain the system, must be governed either by selfishness and ignorance, or by prejudice against color or the condition of the slave.

Resolved, That in view of the repeated developments of the true nature and design of the American Colonization Society, it must now be exceeding difficult for an advocate of that scheme to convince his fellow-citizens that he is opposed to slavery.

Resolved, That the successful experiments of immediate emancipation in the West Indies, makes all those professors of opposition to slavery, "if we only knew how to get rid of it," no better than hypocritical cant.

Resolved, That the dread of the discussion of the subject of slavery manifested by nearly all parties and societies, both political and religious, proves that slavery rules this country as with a rod of iron.

Resolved, That no association which can sustain injury from the discussion of the subject of slavery can be either humane or Christian in its character.

Resolved, That the 2,700,000 colored people of this country are emphatically "the poor of the land," and that those ministers and churches which refuse aid in ameliorating their condition cannot be called ministers of the gospel or churches of Christ.

Resolved, That if the wishes and policy of the fathers of this republic had been carried out by their successors, slavery would now be extinct.

Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States confers upon Congress no more power to legislate for the protection than for the abolition of slavery in the several States.

Resolved, That so far as we exert any political influence it shall be directed to the support of the principles and policy of the founders of the government upon the subject of slavery, and any attempts to induce us to vote for Henry Clay, or General Scott, or Daniel Webster, or Henry A. Wise, Martin Van Buren, or John C. Calhoun, or any other man who has abandoned those principles or that policy, shall prove abortive. Which was accepted and discussed by J. A. Collins, and Eli Nichols. Then adjourned to meet at the Seceder meeting-house at 6 1-2 o'clock.

Evening Session.—Was addressed by J. A. Collins, and Eli Nichols, and adjourned to 9 o'clock to-morrow morning at the court-house.

Morning Session, 9 *o'clock.*—On motion of B. Page, the report of the business committee was called up, and after further discussion was adopted, except the 8th resolution, which was amended and laid on the table.

J. B. Brooke offered the following:

Resolved, That, as fairs have proved an instrumentality of much good in other States in raising funds to sustain the anti-slavery cause and in disseminating our principles, that a committee of 14 be appointed to take into consideration the propriety of puting forth an effort of this kind in this State and report the result of their deliberations to this meeting as early as possible;

Which was adopted, and the committee appointed, as follows: Sarah Galbreath, James B. Brooke, Mary F. Thomas, Wm. E. Lukens, Hannah Garretson, Roxa. Brooks, Elizabeth Robinson, Jane Mc Neely, Ann Pearson, Ann Thomas, Mrs. Dr. Wilson, Kersey G. Thomas, Owen Thomas, Cyrus McNeely.

J. Wood offered the following:

Resolved, That, while we declare it to be the duty of abolitionists to vote for none but those who will carry out our principles, we do not sanction or condemn the organization of the "liberty party."

The following substitute was offered by J. Holmes, and accepted by the mover:

Resolved, That while we declare it to be the duty of abolitionists to carry their principles with them to the polls, the Ohio American society as such is no more bound to approve or condemn the "liberty party" than it is bound to approve or condemn the whig or democratic party:

And discussed by Jesse Holmes, J. A. Collins, E. Nichols, and H. Heberline. A motion was then made to lay the resolution on the table, but before a vote was taken the convention adjourned to 2 o'clock, P. M.

Afternoon Session.—The motion to lay the resolution on the table coming up in order, was withdrawn, and the resolution adopted.

The committee on fairs made the following report, which was adopted;

Resolved, That this convention highly approve of the manner of advocating our cause adopted in some other States, of holding annual fairs, and recommend to the women and men of this State to form sewing circles, and take other means in their power for producing articles to be sold at fairs, the proceeds to be placed at the disposal of the executive committee of the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society.

Resolved, That be appointed a committee to carry out this object by promoting the formation of such circles, determining the time and place of holding the fairs in co-operation with any other committee or committees that may be appointed in this State for the same purpose.

The blank was filled with the following names: Mary H. Grissel, Hannah Garretson, Jane McNeely, Elizabeth Garretson, Sarah Galbreath, Elizabeth Wilson, Ruth Cope, Rebecca Nichols, Ann Pearson, Hannah Coats, Elizabeth Robinson, Elizabeth Wileman, Roxanna Brooks, Maria Shaw, James B. Brooke, Kersey Thomas, Deborah Coats, Carver Tomlinson.

The business committee further reported:

Resolved, That this convention disapprove in the most unqualified manner, of an attempt of the New-York Evangelist, Boston Recorder, and other religious journals of the North to secure the abolition of slavery by compensating the masters from the funds of the nation, and would call upon the abolitionists throughout the country to discountenance this movement as a virtual recognition of the right of the slaveholder to his property, and a wrong to the slave.

Resolved, That this convention would earnestly call upon the abolitionists throughout the country to concentrate their efforts to secure one mammoth petition to Congress, to repeal the odious 21st rule by which all memorials or petitions relating to the abolition of slavery be laid on the table without debate.

Resolved, That the executive committee of the American society be requested to draft and issue a petition immediately, accompanied with information as to the best course to pursue to get these petitions united.

Resolved, That as the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies has greatly enhanced the value of real estate, and has given new life and energy to trade and commerce, it follows that the abolition of slavery in the southern States would produce the same results.

Resolved, That since slavery exists in this land in consequence of the ignorance of the people in relation to the nature and influence of slavery, and their supposed interests in its continuance, it legitimately follows that the measures which the abolitionists have adopted to enlighten public sentiment by means of the living speaker, by scattering broadcast throughout the land our publications, and by calling upon abolitionists to apply their principles to all their acts in every department of society, is in accordance with Christian principles and sound philosophy, and is the common sense course which the reformers of every age have successfully adopted.

Resolved, That it is in the power of abolitionists, under God, to bring about the abolition of slavery almost as soon as they desire.

The following resolutions were then adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this convention be presented to the citizens of Cadiz and vicinity for their kindness and the interest they have taken in sustaining the meeting.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the National Anti-Slavery Standard and Philanthropist, and other papers that are friendly.

Donations and pledges were taken to the amount of $165 32.

THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN C. COLT.

Extracted from the prison notes of his clergyman, Dr. Anthon.

After describing some general conversation on theological points, Dr. Anthon proceeds to finish the account of his visit to the prisoner, on the 15th.

I said to him, before we prayed, "I feel it my duty, as a minister of God, and a servant of His church, to address to you words of monition, some of which perhaps you may think severe; but I conceive them suited to your situation, and hope that God will accompany them with His blessing."

He rose from the foot of his bed, and taking a folded blanket from under his pillow, laid it on the floor by my chair, knelt upon it, and buried his face in the coverlet. I commenced reading the exhortation to a "criminal under sentence of death," and when I reached the second sentence, "You are shortly to suffer death in such a manner that others, warned by your example, may be the more afraid to offend; and we pray God that you may make such use of your punishment in this world that your soul may be saved in the world to come"—[I would ask it as a favor of the reader to refer, when he comes to this, to the "exhortation" in the "office for the visitation of prisoners," in the Prayer Book]—his sobbings were audible and continued.—From the exhortation, I proceeded at once to pray with him as "a malefactor after condemnation."—He wept bitterly; repeated after me the petitions and expressions, and at the conclusion said more than once, "Amen." When I rose from my knees, he remained in the same position, with his face hidden, for at least two minutes; murmuring, it seemed to me, in broken supplications.

The Episcopal Church, in the office for the "visitation of prisoners," requires her ministers, after an examination of the individual concerning his faith and repentance, to exhort him to a particular confession of the sin for which he is condemned. I called Mr. Colt's attention to the rubric on this subject, and found that he was aware of its requirements. I appealed to him in the strongest and kindest terms I was master of, for the manifestation on his part, of farther confidence. He met the appeal as it was meant. He solemnly declared that he committed the act in self-defense.

"I have said so," said he, "again and again; but where is the use? They will not believe it; they will not believe it." His face was covered with his handkerchief, and he wept bitterly. His manner and words affected me deeply. I asked him, after a pause, several questions. Among others, this: "Will you carry this as your confession to the bar of God?" He assured me solemnly that he was prepared so to do, and not to die with a lie upon his lips. I inquired of him, "Taking your own account, then, to be the truth, do you think God has dealt harshly with you, under present circumstances?" "No," said he; "God has not done it. Man has done it." I inquired of him farther, "You declare that you acted in self-defense. Still must you not feel deep sorrow and distress for having hurried a fellow-creature without a moment's preparation into the presence of his God, and brought such wo upon his family? He assented, with much emotion. I told him that I was constrained to believe he spoke the truth.

He was much affected when I alluded to the situation of his child and its mother. Upon my expressing a hope that he was ready to repair, to the utmost of his power, the wrong done, he said, "Oh, certainly, it is my wish;" and when I added, "Perhaps you do not fully take my meaning. Are you ready to admit her to the rights of a wife?" he gave his ready assent, but added, Perhaps his relatives ought to be asked. He did not know what their feelings were; or words to this effect. He then went on, of his own accord, to detail the circumstances under which the acquaintance was formed. He spoke of her with kindness; and whenever he referred to the child, manifested great emotion. He promised to mention the matter to his friends, as soon as he had an opportunity. I prayed with him, and bade him farewell.

Thursday, Nov. 17.—When I reached the prison, at about a quarter past 11, to-day, I was informed of a rumor being in circulation that the executive had respited the prisoner until January. Thinking it very important to have certain information on this point, before an interview with Colt, I called on Mr. Graham, who coincided with me in opinion, and kindly accompanied me to the sheriff's office.—The result of an application for delay was made to us, and I was requested to communicate it to Mr. Colt, together with the request that he would fix the hour for to-morrow. Before I reached his cell, he had been informed, by some friends, of the governor's renewed refusal to interfere. He grasped my hand as I entered, and we were both too much overcome to say a word. I prayed at his side for some time, both audibly and silently, and he remained on his knees for some minutes after I had concluded. His acknowledgments of his sinfulness, and of his hope that he would find mercy at his Heavenly Father's hand for his Saviour's sake, came unprompted, and were humble and fervent.

To comfort him, I found myself unequal to anything more, for a while, than simply to repeat God's own assurances to the penitent and believing, from the holy volume, and put up brief ejaculations that he would strengthen and support my brother sinner in this hour of his sore calamity. Inexpressibly painful as this interview was, before it closed I implored him and adjured him as well as I was able, to tell me once more whether he would stand by his acknowledgments of yesterday, touching the sad act for which he was to suffer, as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. "O, yes—yes," was his reply. "Can you, my dear sir," I asked, "throw any more light upon what passed? If so, confide in me. I will do what I can to have justice done to your memory." "No," said he, "I have nothing more to add to what these letters contain;" handing me at the same time a printed copy, in an envelop, of a paper, called "Extra Tattler, October 23, 1842." When the sheriff and another gentleman (I believe Mr. Hart's brother) entered the cell to announce, as it was their painful duty, his approaching end, "Oh, Mr. Hart, may God forgive you," I think was the exclamation of the unfortunate man, as he threw himself upon his face on his bed and wept.

When asked at what hour? "Let it be," said he, at the setting of the sun." I did not remain very long after they withdrew, as he had, as he said, letters to write, and many friends who would wish to see him, and must for a time be left alone. I recollect well, before we separated, how he took his handkerchief from his face, and looking up with streaming eyes to Heaven, said, "Oh, I believe God—I believe God will, for the Saviour, forgive me."

It was thought I ought to mention to the prisoner the apprehensions on the minds of some, that he would commit suicide; and I told him solemnly if such an idea crossed his mind at any time, to dismiss it at once, as the delusion of the adversary, as he valued his hopes of eternal salvation. He was much affected at the time, and disavowed expressly all such intention.

Friday, Nov. 18.—When I reached the cell door, I stated to the officer on duty that I was to be with the prisoner, by his own appointment, from 9 to 10, I begged that we might not be interrupted; to which he kindly consented. As I entered, Mr. Colt advanced, and received me in a manner so calm and kind as affected me deeply. I cannot describe it. He informed me that Miss Henshaw would soon be present; of his wish to have the marriage ceremony performed; that he had no doubt she would consent; that his brother had gone to bring her to the prison, and would be there shortly.

He sat down on the foot of his bed, and I drew a chair near to it. He immediately handed to me a small package, containing, as he said, $500, and asked me to count it. I opened the package, so as to see that it was a sum in gold and notes; and without counting it, took it in charge, saying that I supposed it was correct. (The sum was subsequently counted in the presence of witnesses, and found to be $250 in American gold, and the remainder in notes of the city banks.) He then showed me a receipt drawn up by himself to the above effect; and finding upon examination of it that it referred to Miss Henshaw as his wedded wife, I advised him to defer the completing of this instrument until she had become so, and then have my signature attested by a competent witness. He acquiesced.

He then went on to explain more fully his wishes, and the arrangements which he had made in the matter; and read a letter which he intended to give, as he said, "to Caroline." He spoke of both mother and child with deep emotion; and said how anxious he was that the mother should lead a virtuous life, and the child be duly educated. He gave his views with so much correctness, in my opinion, of the influence of the "associations of home," in training up children, that my feelings gave way. I expressed, as soon as I could, my thoughts at seeing him so disposed; my readiness to comply with his wish in reference to the marriage; and my hope that his anxiety on his part to repair, in this matter, wrong done, was evidence of sincere repentance.—He at once, and so cordially, responded to my sentiments, that I was overpowered.

About 12 o'clock, Mr. Colt's brother informed me

that all the arrangements were made for the marriage. I entered the cell again, and at once proceeded with the ceremony, several persons being present as witnesses. I dwell not upon the scene. When left with the parties, I counselled, comforted, and prayed with them. When I had concluded, he spoke to her with an intensity of feeling respecting her future course of life, and the welfare of the child. His request to be left alone with his wife, was indeed to me a great relief.

I think it was about 1 P. M. when I was requested to ask Mr. Samuel Colt if he had made arrangements to provide for the interment. He came at my request to the vacant cell, the third from his brother, where I was sitting, and upon my putting to him the question, he was completely overcome, and exclaimed, "Oh, I did not think it would come to this;" showing me that until that moment he entertained a hope of his brother's reprieve. Finding that he had made no arrangements, and that he wished a place for temporary interment, to relieve him from his agony, I felt no hesitation in offering the temporary use of a vault at St. Mark's, and the services of the sexton.

It was, if I recollect, about half past 1, when the prisoner again asked to see me. As soon as I entered his cell, and the door was closed, he advanced, and taking me by the arm, said, "Now, let us pray." We knelt, and first he poured out (as it seemed to me) his soul in prayer. I recollect that his last words were, "Oh, my God, I come to thee." He supplicated for his wife, child, friends, and enemies. His expressions were, without effort, fervent and touching. I cannot say how long he prayed. In conclusion, he implored God's blessing upon me, and all was asked through our Lord and Saviour.—When he ended, I prayed with him.

When he rose from his knees, "I have asked," he said, "for a watch." I gave the signal at the door of the cell, and when it was opened, and the watch handed to him, he asked to compare the time with the sheriff's, and found that it wanted twenty minutes of two. "Now," said he, "if any wish to bid me farewell, let them come, as I wish to be left alone—I wish to pray." As they were entering, I took him by the hand, and hoped that he would meet the end with Christian fortitude; and saying so, paused. "Yes," said he; and before I relinquished his hand, I begged of him to lean upon the Saviour for acceptance, and look to Him, the Lord Jehovah, for everlasting strength.

It was his request, as we parted, that I should come at 4 o'clock. The intervening moments were spent by me in the adjacent cell. About twenty minutes after 3, the sheriff came to me, and observed, to this effect, that there would be but little light after 4, and as some preparations were to be made when the religious services were ended in the prisoner's cell. he asked my opinion about shortening the time stated. It was agreed between us that the sheriff should give the signal a few minutes after I had been in the cell. At 4 the sheriff called me. The public are informed already of what followed.

The prisoner, instead of dying as the sentence of the law demanded, passed to his final account by laying violent hands on himself.

From the New-York Sun.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The history of the world shows that cruelty of punishment has rather increased than abated the bloody calendar of crime; and that, therefore, example itself frustrates its own object, and throws danger and death in our midst, instead of that safety we seek. There seems to be a moral absurdity in taking life for life. Deliberate killing is murder, and implies malice aforethought; and without this implication of malice, it could not be murder, but a less crime, and the accused acquitted.—Society forbids it, as one of the most heinous, brutal, and depraved of crimes, in an *individual*, upon these grounds; for it is the *deliberation and implied malice* which constitute the crime. Is the murderer any more deliberate in the act of *his* guilt, than the *society* which hangs him on the gibbet—a dangling spectacle of agony—before thousands of consenting spectators, coolly witnessing the awful launch of a human soul from this sunny time into the unknown eternity? Why is the premeditated and deliberate act of millions of men, in taking away the life of *one man*, according to the long, slow, tedious preparations of the law, any less a murder? It is the might of the many against the single, frail being. And does might necessarily make right? If so, then the tyrant of power was always right, while the power was at his will.

We are surprised that inhuman and barbarous laws so long received the sanction of the ancients, and at the wrongs and oppressions of more modern Europe; but still, on this subject *we* stand back with antiquity, not one step in advance removed. Incarceration for debt we borrowed from abroad, and hugged the feudal relic with a tenacity entirely out of joint with the present age; but when parted with, were surprised at our folly in retaining it so long. So we shall be at our present errors; among which, we shall reckon that of killing for killing, or murder for murder, as the greatest.

No man is benefited, no man's happiness is enhanced, by a public or private execution of their fellow-being. The law's vengeance restores not the murdered man; it only shortens the growing remorse of the criminal. and society has *his* guilty blood upon it, as amends for the violated law. Nothing is bettered, no one reformed; but two lives have been taken, the innocent and the guilty.

From the Liberator.

NEW NOTIONS ABOUT PRAYER.

Latimer's request for prayers was handed to one of our city clergymen. Before commencing his sermon, the clergyman stated that he had received a note; but as it was anonymous, and as such things generally originated in a spirit of *sneaking malice*, he threw them by without notice.

The following conversation between the clergyman and one of his hearers took place after the morning service:

"*I* sent you that note, sir; and had I supposed it necessary, would have added my name. But a paper with *two* names to it, as that had, cannot, certainly, be considered anonymous. It was not sent in a spirit of '*sneaking malice*,' but with the purest views, and best intentions."

"Oh," replied the clergyman, "I knew you sent it. The sexton told me you did."

"Why did you not read it?"

"Why, it is a matter the courts are about settling, and I thought it best not to allude to it in any way, or give my opinion."

"But your *opinion* was not asked—only your *prayers* were requested."

Thus pressed, the follower of Him whose very last prayer was for murderers, declared that he understood the man to be claimed as a *thief*!

All attempts to make him feel the terrible situation of his young brother in the cell, trembling under the apprehension of being separated forever from his wife, to whom he has not been a year married, of being killed by inches, as his claimant has threatened,—were in vain.

"He is," said the clergyman, "a fugitive from justice!"

"No," responded the other, "he is a fugitive from *injustice*."

This clergyman's name is S. K. Lothrop, pastor of Brattle-street church.—M. W. C.

From the Pittsburgh Gazette.

TEXAS AND THE UNITED STATES.

We are fearful that the importance and truth of Mr. Adams's remarks in reference to the conspiracy existing among slaveholding politicians, to annex Texas to the Union, will not be felt by the people generally, until they wake up to find the object of the conspiracy consummated, or so nearly consummated that resistance will be hopeless.

If, through supineness and indifference, the North permits this great object of the South to be accomplished, there will be an end of all independence and free legislation, on the part of the free States. We shall then become the *vassals* of the southern taskmaster. A sufficient number of States can be carved out of Texas, to give the South the balance of power *forever*. They will then have both the power of numbers and the power resulting from a common interest in an immense amount of property.

Can any lover of his country look upon this prospect of entailing upon us the power, the influence, and enormities of American slavery, through all time, without a feeling of horror and indignation; and yet there cannot be the slightest doubt that such is the design of the South.

The following article, from the Cincinnati Gazette, commenting on an article from the Union, the organ of Tyler, in New-York city, is worthy of attention. The remarks of the Union are strongly corroborative of the statements of Mr. Adams, and show that there is *danger*,—danger *near at hand*, and of a most *alarming character*. The present unprincipled occupant of the Presidential chair is a firm believer in the sentiment that "what the law declares to be property, is property:" and that "two hundred years of legislation has *sanctioned* and *sanctified* negro slaves as property." Acting on this belief, he is bending all his exertions to perpetuate the existence of this great evil Let every patriot and friend of human rights ponder well on the subject. The Gazette says:

> There are those who affect to laugh at Mr. Adams's views as regards the annexation of Texas to this Union. We believe his statements; and furthermore we believe that it *is* the intention of a large portion of the politicians now in power to secure this object. The plan, as we understand it, is to guarantee the independence of Texas, and, if practicable, to go further, and secure its annexation to this country. For the present, we give an article from the Union, Mr. Tyler's organ at New-York, on this subject, leaving others to judge for themselves.
>
> "The question now is, shall Texas be permitted to revert again to Mexico, and what will be the inevitable result, revert to England?
>
> "It is not long since this country expressed its final determination, in which Mr. Adams himself concurred, not to permit Great Britain to occupy Cuba. If any danger was to grow out of that cession to England, how much it will be increased by finding them in possession of Texas; our cotton planters will be struck down at one blow, and England will grow her cotton and force her manufactures upon the world. Mexico refuses to acknowledge the independence of Texas, and is determined to invade and subjugate that republic, our course is a clear and decided one, a course urged upon us by common danger and self-preservation. Texas must be annexed to the United States."

It will be remembered, however, that Burr was doomed, in the earlier history of the republic, upon a charge of this kind, and it would be strange if in our day, the government or the people, should decree a measure, the very conception of which was regarded *then* as *treasonable*. But we shall know more on this point soon.

Communications.

LETTER FROM JOHN A. COLLINS.

Farmington, Nov. 19th, 1842.

We had glorious gatherings at Cadiz and Oakland. I commenced writing an account of the proceedings, but my side will not allow of much writing. At Rochester, our meetings continued three and a half days. They were well attended, and in the evenings the large house opened to us was crowded. A Western New-York American Anti-Slavery Society was organized auxiliary to the American Society. The executive committee is composed of choice spirits. At Utica we shall institute a Middle New-York Anti-Slavery Society. I am anxious to have the entire free States so thoroughly organized in States, counties, towns, villages, and parishes, that the duties and responsibilities in relation to the anti-slavery cause may be thrown on the many rather than the few. Ohio is now in a working state. The narrow and proscriptive policy, which divided our ranks, has comparatively no hold on the abolitionists of that State.

We hold a convention in this place this day, (Saturday.) To-morrow and Monday, we hold a convention in Waterloo. Garrison makes a very favorable impression wherever he speaks. His visit will do much good to the cause of freedom in this State.

GREAT STATE CONVENTION.

To the Abolitionists of Connecticut:

Dear Friends.—The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society is anxious to co-operate with you, in carrying forward the cause of freedom—by disseminating information in relation to slavery, and by exciting an interest in, and a sympathy for, the cause of the oppressed. To this end, the committee had authorized me to invite you, to meet in convention, in Hampton, Windham county, on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 13th and 14th.

Our eloquent colored friend, Charles Lenox Remond, Frederic Douglas, the able and interesting fugitive from slavery, James Munroe, John A. Collins, and other speakers are expected to be present.

Allow me to suggest to the abolitionists of each town to procure a few of the Anti-Slavery Pick-nick, and to encourage the young people to learn speeches, dialogues, and songs, as it will add much to the variety and interest of the meetings.

Abolitionists of Connecticut! While your State is made a hunting ground for the southern kidnapper; while the physical force of the entire State is pledged to put down an insurrection among the slaves, should they seek to imitate our revolutionary sires, and endeavor to secure their "inalienable" rights by resisting their masters; while your representatives in Congress are forced to recognize and treat the one hundred southern delegates in your national legislature, who live by the worst form of plunder, as good republicans; while your religion disregards the claims of the captive, and bolts its doors against his advocates; while your colored inhabitants are denied the right of citizenship; while two and a half millions of your fellow-countrymen are, by general consent, held in the most absolute and degrading bondage, by which they are daily plundered of the fruits of their toil, and robbed of the ownership of their own persons; denied the right of marriage and of the education of their children; shut out from the light of science, the knowledge of the Bible and from the hopes and consolations of the gospel—while these, and many other things equally subversive of all the rights of man, are continually done, will you be indifferent or inactive to the claims of the bleeding captive? Shall we relax our efforts in consequence of the indifference of the mass, or of the opposition of our opponents?

> Shall outraged nature cease to feel?
> Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?
> Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—
> The dungeon's gloom—th' assassin's blow,
> Turn back the spirit roused to save
> The Truth—our Country—and the *slave*?

Let there be a gathering in from the east, west, north, and south. Let this, like the conventions in Ohio and New-York, be attended by thousands. Questions touching the integrity of our cause no doubt, will be fully canvassed. Let a voice go forth, from this meeting, against slavery, which shall cause the friends and advocates of slavery to tremble. Let such measures be adopted, and plans matured, as will enable you to bring the merits of this great enterprise fairly before the people of the entire State; in fact, let there be such a demonstration as will convert the opponent, strengthen the weak and wavering, and encourage the strong. Let every abolitionist make a vigorous effort to secure the attendance of two or three of his unconverted neighbors. *Come one, come all!*

It is to be hoped that the friends in Hampton and vicinity will make preparations to accommodate a large number of delegates. Yours, for freedom,

JOHN A. COLLINS,
Gen'l. Agent American A. S. Society.

SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE RHODE ISLAND STATE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The seventh annual meeting of the Rhode Island State Anti-Slavery Society commenced on Wednesday, Nov. 16, 1842, at the town-house in Providence.

At about 11 o'clock, A. M. the meeting was called to order by the president, Peleg Clarke, of Coventry. Opportunity was then given for prayer, or other exercise. Mr. Jewett read the third chapter of Micah. James Munroe was elected assistant secretary. A portion of the proceedings of the last annual meeting was then read, and also the constitution of the society. Parker Pillsbury then gave an interesting account of his labors in the State during the last month. On motion, the following persons were appointed a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year: Asa Fairbanks, Caleb Kelton, and William Aplin. Parker Pillsbury, C. L. Remond, and George L. Clarke, were appointed a committee on finance. Thomas Davis, Frederic Douglas, Wendell Phillips, Martin Cheney, Martha Brown, Amarancy Paine, and James Boyle, were appointed a committee to prepare business for the meeting. Adjourned.

Afternoon.—Meeting called to order at half-past one. The following resolutions were discussed by James Boyle, Wendell Phillips, Peleg Clarke, N. P. Rogers, and Martin Cheney; when the society adjourned.

Evening.—Met at 7 o'clock. A large audience assembled, and listened with great interest to eloquent addresses from Wendell Phillips and Charles L. Remond; after which the meeting adjourned.

Thursday morning.—Meeting called to order at 10 o'clock. A portion of scripture was read, and prayer offered. The committee on officers reported the following, who were elected: Peleg Clarke, Coventry, President; Jethro F. Mitchell, Middleton; John Brown, E. Greenwich, Alfred Niger, Providence; John Hall, Wickford; Charles Perry, Westerly; Caleb Kelton, Coventry; Jeremiah Smith, Smithfield; Geo. J. Adams, Fiskville; Philip Wilbour, Little Compton, Vice Presidents. Lucinda Wilmarth, Recording and Corresponding Secretary; Martin Robinson, Treasurer; George L. Clarke, Auditor; Martin Cheney, William Chace, A. R. James, Asa Fairbanks, Ransom Parker, Samuel W. Wheeler, John L. Clarke, Frances Aplin, Geo. L. Clarke, Daniel Mitchell, William Adams, Susan Sisson, Joseph T. Sisson, and Amarancy Paine, Executive Committee. By vote of the society, Lydia F. Ashley and William Aplin were afterwards added to the executive committee. The finance committee also made a report; and on motion, a committee was appointed to receive subscriptions and pledges. Adjourned.

Met at 2 o'clock, P. M. pursuant to adjournment. After a few moments of silence, the discussion on the resolutions before the meeting was resumed and continued until dark; when it was voted to adjourn to evening.

Met at 7 o'clock. The house was again well filled, and the meeting addressed by James Munroe, of Connecticut, an agent of the American Society; Wendell Phillips, of Boston, and Charles Lenox Remond, of Salem; after which the meeting adjourned.

Friday morning.—Met according to adjournment, and the resolutions before the meeting were discussed by Messrs. Tanner, Phillips, Rogers, Foster, Davis, Munroe, and others. At this stage of the proceedings, Martin Cheney resigned his office as a member of the executive committee, and withdrew from the society. Adjourned.

Afternoon.—Met according to adjournment. After some further discussion upon the various resolutions before the meeting, the society adjourned, sine die.

The following resolutions were passed during the sessions:

Resolved, That we sympathize deeply with the sufferings of our brother in bonds, George Latimer; that we recognize the violation of humanity and justice in his person as the violation of our own rights, as well as his; that it reveals more palpably than ever the deep degradation of our northern States, as the real slaveholders of the Union; that the ready aid volunteered to the slave catcher by the citizens of Massachusetts, proves the degraded corruption of the northern mind; that in the name of justice, and of God, we protest against laws, constitutions, or compacts, no matter how imposing or seemingly sacred, which order his restoration; that no honest man, much more, no Christian, can have anything to do with such, but to trample them under foot; that the State officer, community, or individual, who aids in re-enslaving a freeman, is infamous in the sight of every true heart.

Resolved, That the decision of the United States Court, allowing slave claimers to seize their slaves without warrant, the submission of the States in surrendering the bulwarks of individual liberty, the right of trial by jury, and habeas corpus, to the insolence of the slave power, the corruption of the public mind of the free States, so far as to lead to volunteer assistance to the slave catcher; would lead us to ask the dissolution of the Union, if we did not recognize on the statute books of our own State, laws so atrocious as to convince us that the public opinion of Rhode Island is so degraded and pro-slavery, that the sisterhood of South Carolina even, can do her no disgrace.

Resolved, That it is the object of the anti-slavery movement to spare no obstacle that may be found to stand in the way of its triumph, whether that obstacle be the clerical order, the sectarian organizations, or any other institutions, civil or ecclesiastical, in the land.

The following resolutions were discussed, and ordered to be published with the proceedings; but no action was had upon them:

Resolved, That slavery is the cement of this Union; that the slaveholders of this nation value the Union only as its general government, its national legislature, its supreme judiciary, its foreign diplomacy, its army, its navy and treasury, are employed to sustain and perpetuate their atrocious and piratical warfare upon all the rights of human beings.

Resolved, That the slaveholding States of this nation are so many elements of weakness, of pauperism, of extravagance, of moral and political corruption, and of decay in this government; and therefore they must ever be an enormous drawback upon the strength, wealth, prosperity, morals, and labor of the North.

Resolved, That whoever contributes voluntarily to the perpetuity of this government, contributes to the perpetuity of slavery.

Resolved, That no church, sect, corporation, or individual, can justly claim the character of Christian, while they hold fellowship with American slavery, apologize for it, or are indifferent to the wrongs inflicted upon the millions of our plundered brethren and sisters in bonds.

Resolved, That those professed abolitionists who hold connection with slaveholding and pro-slavery churches, hear and sustain pro-slavery, or "dumb-dog" ministers, belie their own professions, and betray the slave into the hands of his worst enemies.

Resolved, That the right of unrestricted speech is the birthright inheritance of every human being, and cannot be abridged by individuals, or by any bodies of men, without being fatal to all true liberty.

Resolved, That the imprisonment of Thomas Parnell Beach, in the felon's jail at Newburyport, for exercising the right of speech in a meeting-house, during hours of worship, without the consent of the minister or the meeting, is a tyrant invasion of the rights of every human being, and ought to be protested against by every friend of liberty.

LUCINDA WILMARTH, *Sec'y.*

Providence, R. I. Nov. 21, 1842.

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.

This body closed its session for the present year, on the 3d inst. From the report of its committee on Indian concerns, it seems that the unwearied efforts of the society on behalf of the Seneca nation, had been so far successful, that those Indians are to be allowed to retain the Alleghany and Catteraugus reservations, on relinquishing to the Ogden Company the more valuable settlements of Buffalo and Tonewanda. It is stated that all the chiefs of the Tonewanda reservation refused to sign the treaty; yet there is reason to believe that even this circumstance will not save this body, composed of many hundred individuals, from being expelled from the quiet, retired homes, which they and their ancestors have for ages held in possession. So hard is it for Indians to have anything like justice done them. In less than two years, the possession of these lands will be demanded by the Ogden Company; and it is expected the inhabitants of Tonewanda will then retire into Canada, in despair of being suffered to remain in peace in any part of the United States.

The extracts from the proceedings of the Yearly meeting give us a long document on the subject of Slavery; from which we shall make some quotations, with remarks: "A deep solicitude," say they, "was also felt that we may all, in an especial manner, avoid involving ourselves with the associations, that have sprung up around us, for the avowed purpose of promoting the abolition of slavery in our country, by *political*, or other means of a *coercive character*, devised in the wisdom and contrivance of man." Rightly *understood*, we approve of this; and the following quotation will show that the American Anti-Slavery Society has been remarkably guarded on this head. Constitution, article 3d: "*This society will never, in any way, countenance the oppressed in vindicating their rights by resorting to physical force.*" Indeed, we are informed that a Friend in the Yearly meeting asked if the language used was intended to be understood as advising against co-operating with the American Anti-Slavery Society; and was told that it was not.

But to proceed: "In extending this caution to our members, this meeting feels no abatement of its concern for the advancement and prosperity of our well-known testimony against slavery. On the contrary, we affectionately desire that this testimony may continue to be supported with uprightness and integrity; and that we may be faithful to every clear manifestation of duty, which, *in the light of truth*, may be opened to us, in relation to it." They then go on to state, that in the early progress of the testimony, Friends "were concerned *personally* to labor with slaveholders, and in the spirit of meekness, by affectionate remonstrance, endeavor to convince them of the *impolicy*, as well as the injustice of the practice." They might have added, "by printed expostulations and addresses;" as the documents, yet extant, issued by Anthony Benezet, and others, individually, and by meetings and conventions, composed of Friends and others, collectively, abundantly prove. They say, "Our worthy predecessors in the truth, by devoted attention to the voice of the true Shepherd, were signally preserved from the agitations and excitements which distract and unsettle the flock, and always tend to break and destroy the peace and harmony of society. By learning to distinguish, and certainly know His voice from that of the stranger, they were enabled, in great unity, to maintain and advance the various testimonies given them to bear; and none more conspicuously than our righteous testimony against enslaving the African race."

From *this*, one unacquainted with the history of the society, might be ready to suppose that the testimony spoken of, in its origin went on *smoothly*, producing no *excitement*, no disunity in society! Can anything be more remote from the fact? The few who then labored in it, met with *strong* opposition, both within and without the limits of the society; more especially from ministers and elders, themselves slaveholders; some of whom, after years of conflict, suffered themselves to be disowned, rather than relinquish their slaves. Was it reasonable, they would ask, that they should walk by the light manifested to Anthony Benezet, John Woolman, and Warner Mifflin, those disturbers of the peace and harmony of society? And when the latter presented a memorial to Congress, on slavery, it was rejected with indignation, and he was desired to go home and mind his own proper business. He did so; and that proper business was, to publish his memorial to the world, with a sharp remonstrance against their proceedings.

But to proceed with the extracts: "These movements of Friends, influenced wholly by kindness and benevolence, produced in the mind of the slaveholder no hostile feelings either towards us, or towards the colored population of our country. They created no dangerous excitement in the public mind, ending in *tumults and riots*. On the contrary, our appeals were received with respect, and listened to with patience."

As one, among the numerous evidences of the inaccuracy of this statement, we would refer the reader to a memorial that now lies before us, addressed to Congress by the Yearly meeting of Philadelphia, in 1797; complaining, among other things, that one hundred and thirty-four colored persons, who had been manumitted by Friends in North Carolina, had been again "reduced into cruel bondage;" an act which they truly designate as an "*abominable tragedy*." The language is by no means in the modern milk-and-water strain. In Congress, great opposition was made to a second reading of the memorial; and we give the following extracts from the debate on that occasion: "Mr. Rutledge should not be opposed to the second reading and reference of this memorial, if he thought the strong censure they deserved would be the report of the committee. This censure he thought this body of men ought to have! A set of men who attempted to seduce the servants of gentlemen travelling to the seat of government, who were incessantly importuning Congress to interfere in a business with which the Constitution had said they had no concern." Mr. Sewell said, "he considered this a dangerous business; and that they could do nothing to gratify the feelings of the petitioners." Mr. Macon said, "instead of peacemakers, he looked upon the Quakers as *war-makers*; for they were continually endeavoring, in the southern States, to *stir up insurrections* among the negroes," &c.

Again we turn to the extracts from the Baltimore Yearly meeting: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor. In its exercise, under the divine government, it awakens no angry passions." "While it bears its testimony to the truth, it opens the ears of the hearers to receive it." If so, how came it that the *apostles* fell victims for the truth? How came it that the mild *Stephen* was stoned to death? How came it that *George Fox* and his fellow-laborers were involved in so many sufferings? The truth is, "our appeals were received with respect, and listened to with patience," by slaveholders and their advocates, only *after* they had discovered that those appeals *had lost their former energy of character*. They saw that the system of slavery was extending its ramifications, far and wide, undisturbed by them; and it was not until the battering-rams of truth were brought to bear on the bastile of slavery, through *other* associations, that its defenders began to rage and tremble. The same spirit was aroused that has assailed *every* righteous reformation. It was not the "good tree" producing "bitter fruit," as some supposed. "The bitter fruit" most assuredly sprung from those who would uproot "*the good tree*."

We again give extracts from the document of the Yearly meeting: "Founded in injustice, and supported by violence, slavery cannot exist forever in a Christian community. It is not only opposed to the comfort and true enjoyment of mankind, but is equally hostile to their temporal interests; and we confidently believe that the holy, efficacious spirit of Christianity is silently, but effectively, removing every barrier to the progress of these important truths; and that the day is approaching, when, by means that are irresistible, the arm that is mighty to support injustice will be rendered powerless; for He that is omnipotent is rising up in judgment, and He will plead the cause of the distressed.—He seeth their affliction, and the exaltation of the oppressor is not hidden from him. He turneth the channels of power, humbleth the most haughty, and gives deliverance to the oppressed, at such periods as are consistent with his infinite justice and goodness."

Surely it is not the intention of the Yearly meeting of Baltimore to intimate, as we fear this will be *understood*, that in their view it is consistent with the will of the Divine Being, that slavery should continue until some future period, known only to himself. Does He not work by means? Does He not continually call upon the children of men to be just—to be merciful? Were they to yield to these calls, is it not obvious that slavery could not exist for an hour? If they continue to refuse, it is true they *must* yield at length in *judgment!* for His right to rule all that He has formed, can never be relinquished. And it may yet be, that this nation "may be answered in this matter by terrible things in righteousness."

The extracts suggest one very important consideration; viz.: that if abolitionists *continue* their efforts, it may lead to bloodshed. Now, with us, there has long been a deep and settled conviction, that if their efforts are *discontinued*, or crushed, the system will *inevitably* end in blood. The aim and tendency of their labors being obviously to *avert* such a calamity, let those who would suppress these efforts, weigh well what they are doing.

They speak of the danger of abolitionists becoming impatient; of the gradual unfoldings of truth; "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." It would be well to inquire whether the power of truth, or the power of error, has been thus most developed on this great question. At the period of the revolution, there were in the United States about three hundred thousand slaves; at the present moment, there are nearly three millions. The necessity of charity and long-suffering is strongly urged, "instead of joining with others in contriving, or supporting a system of *coercion*, whereby the slaveholder shall be *compelled* to perform an act, which he may not apprehend himself *called upon* to perform." They then go on to say, "For more than a hundred years after the rise of our religious society, there were among our own members many slaveholders; sincere-hearted men and women, who were conscientiously desirous of maintaining all the testimonies of the society; but of the enormity of the evils consequent upon slavery, they had not then become sensible, and were *quietly* resting under the system, as many now are, without any manifestation of uneasiness, or apparent conviction that they were doing wrong." Is language like this calculated to reach seared consciences? Alas, Leviathan is not thus tamed. But this *rest*, it seems, was at last disturbed; and they finally liberated their slaves.

The extracts go on to say: "The Society of Friends, in thus taking up a testimony against slavery, publicly and openly, did not desire to invade the *privileges* of their neighbors, nor in any way improperly to interfere with them. With us, it was purely a religious concern, unconnected with any political or temporal consideration. Valuing, above all earthly privileges, the inestimable blessing of liberty to act freely, according to the dictates of divine light, the society felt no disposition to invade the *sacred right* of others [slaveholders] to the same enjoyment."

Well would it have been had this "sacred right," possessed by its own individual members, (abolitionists,) been as watchfully guarded by the society up to the present day. They say, "The concern is in the hands of Omnipotence; and His faithful, confiding children have no cause to distrust either His wisdom or His power. They know that of themselves they can do nothing; and having fulfilled the divine requiring, as He has giving them strength, they commit the cause to Him that judgeth righteously. Their mission terminates when their message has been delivered, according to the requirements of their Master." True; but has it terminated *before* that message has been delivered? All that abolitionists ask, is permission to *deliver it*, fully and faithfully.

Friends are recommended, in very impressive terms, to follow the *light*; and are told that of themselves they can do nothing that will redound to their own peace, or tend to promote the cause of truth and righteousness.—To this doctrine we cordially subscribe; many of us having felt its force. But then we desire to be left to follow the leadings of Divine wisdom as communicated to *us*, and not as revealed to *others*; and we should think it unwarrantable ground for any to assume that abolitionists generally are less attentive to its leadings than others.

To proceed: "Nevertheless, the society being deeply impressed with the injustice of holding in unconditional bondage our fellow-men, and believing that slavery, as it exists in the United States, was a great *moral*, *social*, and *political evil*, increasing in magnitude, and threatening the most disastrous consequences to our *country*; that, in the meantime, it was beneficial neither to the master nor the slave; and, finally, that in the system there was not one redeeming quality, to justify or paliate it; did, from time to time, address to the legislative bodies of our country, and occasionally to the people of the United States, such views of the subject as, under the influence of that law which breathes, 'Peace on earth, and good will to men,' might lead to a solemn consideration of the matter, and be a means of removing this enormous evil." Excellent! But it is difficult to reconcile the enlarged views here taken, viz.: that slavery is "a *great moral*, *social*, and *political evil*, threatening the most disastrous consequences to our *country*," with the declaration in the previous page, that, "with us it is purely a religious concern, unconnected with any political or temporal consideration." It possesses, too, say they, "not one redeeming quality to paliate it." Whereas, to us, almost the whole essay appears like an elaborate work, eminently *calculated* (although, we trust, not *intended*,) to palliate the enormity of slavery, lull the consciences of slaveholders, and discourage those who are uprightly seeking to remove it.

When any act of benevolence is to be done, that requires union of effort, for the relief of suffering humanity, it is remarkable how often Friends, who are deeply engaged with others, not of the society, in projects for acquiring wealth, will gravely quote Balaam, and call him the Lord's prophet, when he said, in relation to the Jews of old, "Israel [the people] shall dwell alone, and not be numbered [reckoned] among the nations;" not reflecting that a greater than Balaam ate with publicans and sinners, went about among the people doing good, and prayed his Father, not that he should take his followers *out* of the world, but keep them from the *evil*.

There are some excellent views in the essay, particularly those which strenuously urge the necessity of our seeking for, and relying upon Divine assistance in all our movements. Nor will this assistance, when rightly solicited, ever be withheld, when we are engaged in any good word or work. Life is short, and He who made man, never designed him for idleness. He is always employed in doing good or evil; and to keep him engaged in the latter, the enemy of human happiness, clothed as an angel of light, has whispered in our ears, that for us to attempt to relieve the distresses of our fellow-creatures, before we ourselves felt *fully* restored to the Divine favor, and had a *special revelation* so to do, would be an act of self-righteousness, and heighten our condemnation. This has tended most effectually to close the hearts and the purses of many against relieving the distressed. Whereas, the *exercise* of the benevolent feelings implanted in our hearts by the Creator leads to His favor; while a refusal to *exercise* them, excludes us from it; agreeably to this language: "Cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Corporations, or associations of men, for any purpose, are large machines, created, it is presumed, for the public good. They have no souls, no consciences, to be acted upon, being moved, generally, by a few individuals. These *have* souls and consciences. We would, therefore, respectfully ask the Friend, who wrote the essay in the name of Baltimore Yearly meeting, a few questions!

1st. Did he feel divinely authorized to ascribe the mobs and persecutions raised to crush the abolitionists, to their own misconduct?

2d. If he believes this to be the case, is he so far consistent as to attribute the tumult at Ephesus to the indiscretion of that sanguine reformer, the Apostle Paul? The ceaseless persecution of George Fox, to his own intemperate conduct? The sacrifice of Marmaduke Stephenson and Mary Dyer, to their presumption in returning to Boston, when under sentence of banishment on pain of death?

3d. Did he not know that Friends, who are favorable to the abolition cause, generally lean towards the American Anti-Slavery Society? and did he not know that that body was entirely *pacific* in its character?

4th. If so, why did he so strongly, and so repeatedly, urge that they should not join *coercive* associations, unless it was to create the impression that the American Society was of a coercive character?

5th. Is the good advice he gives in regard to coercion, consistent with his own conduct? If a person owed him one thousand dollars, and was well able to pay, but refused to do so, would he, or would he not, apply to a *coercive* tribunal to compel payment?

The language applied by slaveholders to Friends formerly, was remarkably similar to what they now use towards abolitionists; but they extol modern Friends in no measured terms. To what cause are we to attribute this change?

Alas! there is reason to fear that the world and Friends have come to a mutual understanding that they shall be tender of each other's failings. The world says: You may speculate largely and profitably in slave-grown products, acquire wealth, and respectability, and take fast hold upon *us*; only deal *gently* with our war, our slavery, our intemperance, and such other evils as we especially love. These evils may be gradually ameliorated; but, we entreat you, lay a *heavy* hand upon those who would rudely sweep them away; they disturb your quiet, as well as ours.

Finally, we would call upon Friends everywhere, solemnly to reflect whether those of their members who are uprightly engaged in this most *unpopular* work of abolishing slavery, or those who, while they can see no way open to aid in the cause, are always ready to condemn and cut off their abolition brethren—which of these are most likely to be acting in their *own wills*, in opposition to the *Divine will*. M.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1842.



MEANS AND ENDS.

Our proneness to have faith in man, rather than God, is exemplified in the universal tendency to convert means into an end. Means belong to the finite, and are therefore temporary; the end exists in the infinite, and is eternal. The mistake to which I have alluded is remarkably illustrated in the pursuit of riches. Of what avail are riches, except as a means of happiness? Yet, men can never stop to enjoy themselves, they are so busy trying to grow rich. A quaint old lady in Massachusetts uttered sound philosophy on this point. Being advised not to stop to gather certain berries, because there was greater abundance farther in the woods, and moreover, they would certainly come back that way, she replied, "I always make it a rule to take my comfort as I go along in the world; for maybe it won't be here when I come back." The *use* of money is the only way to enjoy it; and a reproduction of itself is *not* use. The moment this valuable means is made an end, the curse of God rests upon it. The man who lives to accumulate, may talk of large dividends, but the real products of his capital are dyspepsia, ennui, suspicion, anxiety; and in some cases voluntary death from fear of being robbed. Well might angels laugh, if they were not angelic, to see men toiling thus laboriously to raise apples of Sodom.

Use is the order of our being. To live for *others* is the only way to live for *ourselves*. There is no escape from this divine law. All outward things are only means to this end. Nature teaches it in her perpetual tendency to equilibrium. Whatsoever object has light, imparts it to the next object, and that to the next. The merest taper cannot burn for one, but sends its tiny rays far into the surrounding gloom. Warmth continually gives itself out, and rises upward, as human love should do.

The same laws that apply to money, apply to intellectual and spiritual wealth. Whosoever would hoard the manna that has fallen from heaven for *daily use*, shall find it become a mass of corruption. We see the history of this written on sects. Calvinists, Baptists, Quakers, Universalists, &c., banded together to make what seemed to them truths bear on the general cause of Christian principles; but in process of time, the sect became an *end* instead of a *means*, and the plainest principles of Christian morality were sacrificed, if they came in the way of the growth of the sect. Hence we see men, called "ambassadors of Christ," officiating at the gallows, praying on a drum-head, as chaplains of the army, and defending slavery by the example of Abraham. Why are not the priesthood in advance of public opinion, as a genuine priesthood must ever be? Because it is their appointed business to sustain a *sect*. One is afraid that he shall render the Baptists unpopular; another that he shall diminish public favor toward the Calvinists, and thus not get so much money to build meetinghouses and pay preachers; another is afraid of the same effect on Unitarians. The means have become an end; the finite and the temporary is substituted for the infinite and the eternal.

The Friends had a most admirable reason for saying thee and thou. The custom formerly prevailed in the English language, as it still does in many European dialects, to use the plural form to a superior, and the singular to an equal. The Friends, with that refined conscientiousness which marked their early history, objected to this practice, as a violation of human equality. Wm. Penn said thou to the Duke of York, on pain of being imprisoned in the tower; but it was in defense of a *universal principle*, not as a sectarian custom. It was, with him, simply a means to an end. Many of his successors retain the form, without even a knowledge of the principle from which it took its rise; with them the means have become an end. Such would fain hoard up William Penn's manna for their own use; but it will not keep. If they would grow spiritually, they must derive their growth from food daily received, and daily *used*. The same thing is true of the fashion of their garments. In the beginning they dressed plainly, because they deemed it wrong for one to assume superiority over another in outward things, and that money ought not to be spent on gay attire, in a world of raggedness and starvation. They objected to bright tints, because the coloring of such was injurious to human health. There is a beautiful tenderness in all this; and the form might well become honorable for the spirit of which it was the manifestation. But with many, these means of advancing great principles, have become the end, to which the principles themselves are sacrificed. They will expend more thought, time, and money, to procure a particular color, or cut of the garment, than it would cost to forbear the observance.

Political parties are only temporary means to advance the general good; yet how perpetually we see them destroying the very principles for which they were formed, for the sake of sustaining the *party*. Our general government itself, was merely a means to advance human freedom by exemplifying the doctrine of equal rights; but the formation of the government came to be regarded as an end, and human freedom was sacrificed thereto.

Eating and drinking are but means to sustain life, which is to be employed in perpetual use; but they are made the end of existence, to which all power of usefulness and enjoyment are often sacrificed. Another sense, given only as a means to promote domestic happiness through the activity of the affections, is made an end, for which all the affections are blighted, and all domestic happiness sacrificed.

This life itself is but a means to prepare for the life which is eternal. Yet how universally, how lamentably, men regard it as an end. They spend the whole of life in "getting ready to live"—not hereafter, but here. Thus does the finite perpetually shut out the infinite. Would that man could look upward to his heavenly destiny, and not downward to his earthly wants.—L. M. C.

SLAVEHOLDERS PLEASED.

The Baltimore Patriot, alluding to the late Yearly meeting in that city, says:

> "We learn that it has been solemnly enjoined upon Friends to avoid participation in any of the organized movements in relation to slavery; and to persevere in the old *quiet* way, and "bear testimony" against what they have been taught to believe a social evil, rather by *example* than precept; but, if by precept, not step without the requirements of their own discipline, for the purpose. Every one must applaud this "spirit of love" on the part of Friends; and no one can take the pains to look into the views of the meeting here convened, without discovering, that nothing is more slanderous than to class the Quaker and the *abolitionist* together."

Verily, it is an admonition to see how the slaveholders praise the Quakers! Henry Clay lately gave them a sop

in his Indiana speech. It must be highly complimentary and comforting to the descendants of John Woolman and Anthony Benezet to be praised by a man who is "opposed to emancipation gradual or immediate.

Has any one a curiosity to know why slaveholders so greatly admire the Society of Friends, and hold them up to universal admiration? The answer is found in the following conversation, accidentally heard in the street, the other day. Two lads were passing by Hester street meeting. One asked the other, "What sort of people worship in that house?"

Answer. "I forget their name; but they're folks that don't *say* anything, and don't *do* anything."

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

In editing the Standard, I have endeavored, among many distracting influences, to keep in view mainly the one object for which I suppose its friends wish to sustain it, viz.: to disseminate anti-slavery information among all classes of people, and to show the progress of the cause, both in direct anti-slavery effort, and the collateral and indirect aid received from congressional or ecclesiastical influence. Its business seems to me to be to change public sentiment, by the kind but earnest reiteration of facts and principles. As these take their effect upon the public mind, they will come out in a variety of forms of action, according to temperament, education, or religious belief. One thinks nothing is so important to abolish slavery as stated seasons of prayer; another believes that through a scrupulous abstinence from the products of slave labor, the work can be best accomplished; another thinks that the formation of a distinct political party is the only thing that can overthrow slavery; another says it is absolutely necessary in the first place to abolish sectarianism utterly; and so on to the end of the chapter. Each one of these naturally considers his own mode of operation as of *peculiar* importance, and worthy of especial cognizance on the part of the American Society. But it seems to me it is our business to keep the fountain supplied, and not turn aside to take charge of particular streamlets; if we do that, the fountain which sets all these sluices in motion will fail. We should employ ourselves with *general principles*, and aggregate results; not with individual peculiarities, or local controversies.

For this reason, I have made no remarks on certain proceedings of S. S. Foster and T. B. Beach; considering it a matter of individual conscience, which the American Society was not called upon to endorse, and had no right to condemn. I have declined controversy on this subject, as on others; and shall continue to decline it; not from want of respect to those individuals, but because I do not believe in the usefulness of controversy. I now briefly allude to the subject, in consequence of a resolution passed at the Rhode Island State meeting. I do not feel easy to appear to endorse that resolution, because it seems to me to involve a wrong principle. It is evident that every man should have freedom to utter his own views; for perfect freedom to utter truth implies freedom to utter error; since no man or set of men, is infallible enough to decide for all others what *is* the truth. But I do not believe the doctrine, that at all times, and at all places, men have a right to preach their peculiar views. When people have hired a building, and appropriated time to a specific purpose, which seems important to them, it seems to me an invasion of their freedom to intrude upon them, and compel them to listen to a subject for which they did not meet.

Should this course be pursued toward anti-slavery meetings, I think we should soon feel *our* freedom invaded. When we had hired a hall for anti-slavery purposes, we should scarcely deem it right to have the hours consumed by arguments in favor of non-resistance, or foreign missions, or temperance, or Millerism, or moral reform. It seems to me that the principle laid down in the resolution, as I understand it, would, if generally carried into practice, make a perfect tower of Babel of all public meetings, and effectually prevent the transaction of business.—L. M. C.

DWARKANATH TAGORE.

For an interesting account of this Hindoo reformer, the intimate friend of Ramohun Roy, see the speech of George Thompson. The press of the U. States, while it generally apologizes for our own slavery, manifests a great deal of righteous indignation about slavery in British India. They will, however, take especial care not to publish that the British people are working as zealously to abolish slavery in the East Indies, as they ever did to overthrow it in the West Indies; and that speedy success will doubtless attend their efforts. It is this object which calls our eloquent friend George Thompson abroad, in company with the philanthropic Hindoo, whom we have mentioned. To the believers in human progress it is indeed refreshing to see one beacon light after another blazing up on the hill-tops, all over this benighted world. If the age is full of conflict, it is likewise bright with promise. Never was there such keen encounters of good and evil; but if evil has increased its activity an hundred fold, good has increased a thousand fold. Not in vain has the sacred fire been kept burning by a few vestal spirits in all ages; the warmth and the glory thereof shall yet fill the whole earth.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 43.

Every year of my life I grow more and more convinced that it is wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and good, and dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false. Society has done my spirit grievous wrong, for the last few weeks, with its legal bull-baitings, and its hired murderers. They have made me ashamed of belonging to the human species; and were it not that I struggled hard against it, and prayed earnestly for a spirit of forgiveness, they would have made me hate my race. Yet feeling thus, I did wrong to *them*. Most of them had merely caught the contagion of murder, and really were not aware of the nature of the fiend they harbored. Probably there was not a single heart in the community, not even the most brutal, that would not have been softened, could it have entered into confidential intercourse with the prisoner, as Dr. Anthon did. They would then have realized that he was a human being, with a heart to be melted, and a conscience to be roused, like the rest of us; that his crimes were excresences—hideous, it is true—but still excrescences; that under the turbid and surging tide of proud, exasperated feelings, ran a warm current of human affections, which, with more genial influences, might have flowed on deeper and stronger, mingling its waters with the river of life. All this each one would have known, could he have looked into the heart of the poor criminal, as God looketh. But his whole life was judged by one or two ferocious acts, done in the wild insanity of passion; and the motives and the circumstances were revealed to the public only through the cold barbarisms of the law, and the fierce exaggerations of an excited populace; therefore he seemed like a wild beast, walled out from human sympathies,—not as a fellow-creature, with like passions and feelings as themselves.

If we looked into our souls with a more wise humility, we should discover in our own ungoverned anger the germ of murder; and meekly thank God that we, too, had not been brought into temptations too fiery for our strength. It is sad to think how the records of a few evil days may blot out from the memory of our fellow men whole years of generous thoughts and deeds of kindness; and this, too, when each one has before him the volume of his own broken resolutions, and oft-repeated sins. The temptation which most easily besets you, needed, perhaps, to be only a *little* stronger, you needed only to be surrounded by circumstances a *little* more dangerous and exciting, and perhaps you, who now walk abroad in the sunshine of respectability, might have come under the ban of human laws, as you have into frequent disobedience of the divine; and then that one foul blot would have been regarded as the hieroglyphic symbol of your whole life. Between you and the inmate of the penitentiary, society sees a difference so great, that you are scarcely recognized as belonging to the same species; but there is One, who judgeth not as man judgeth.

When Mrs. Fry spoke at Newgate, she was wont to address both prisoners and visiters as sinners. When Dr. Channing alluded to this practice, she meekly replied, "In the sight of God, there is not, perhaps, so much difference as men think."

Surely these considerations should make us judge mercifully of the sinner, while we hate the sin with tenfold intensity, because it is an enemy that lies in wait for us all. The highest and holiest example teaches us to *forgive* all crimes, while we *palliate* none.

And so I return, as the old preachers used to say, to my first proposition; that we should think gently of all, and claim kindred with all, and include all, without exception, in the circle of our kindly sympathies. I would not thrust out even the hangman, though he seems more execrable to me than other murderers, because he does his wicked work in cold blood, and for a hireling's wages. Methinks if I were dying of thirst, I would rather wait to receive water from another hand than his. Yet what is the hangman but a servant to do the judge's bidding? And what is the judge but an expounder of the law? And what is the law but an expression of public opinion? And if public opinion be brutal, and thou a component part thereof, art *thou* not the hangman's accomplice? In the name of our common Father, sing *thy* part of the great chorus in the truest time, and thus bring this crashing discord into harmony!

And if at times, the discord proves too strong for thee, go out into the great temple of Nature, and drink in freshness from her never-failing fountain. The devices of men pass away as a vapor; but she changes never. Above all fluctuations of opinion, and all the tumult of the passions, she smiles ever, in various but unchanging beauty. I have been to her with tears in my eyes, with a heart full of the saddest forebodings, for myself and all the human race; and lo, she has shown me a babe plucking a white clover, with busy, uncertain little fingers, and the child walked straight into my heart, and prophesied as hopefully as an angel; and I believed her, and went on my way rejoicing. The language of nature, like that of music, is universal; it speaks to the heart, and is understood by all. *Dialects* belong to clans and sects; *tones* to the universe. High above all language, floats music on its amber cloud. It is not the exponent of *opinion*, but of *feeling*. The *heart* made it; therefore it is infinite. It reveals more than language can ever utter, or thoughts conceive. And high as music is above mere dialects—winging its godlike way, while verbs and nouns go creeping—even so, sounds the voice of Love, that clear, treble-note of the universe, into the heart of man, and the ear of Jehovah.

In sincere humility do I acknowledge that if I am less guilty than some of my human brothers, it is mainly because I have been *beloved*. Kind emotions and impulses have not been sent back to me, like dreary echoes, through empty rooms. All around me, at this moment, are tokens of a friendly heart-warmth. A sheaf of dried grasses brings near the gentle image of one who gathered them for love; a varied group of the graceful lady-fern speaks to me of summer rambles in the woods, by one who mingled thoughts of me with all her glimpses of nature's beauty. A rose-bush, from a poor Irish woman, speaks to me of her blessings. A bird of paradise, sent by friendship, to warm the wintry hours with thoughts of sunny Eastern climes, and cheer me with its floating beauty, like a fairy fancy. Flower-tokens from the best of neighbors have come all summer long, to bid me a blithe good morning, and tell me news of sunshine and fresh air. A piece of sponge, graceful as if it grew on the arms of the wave, reminds me of Grecian seas, and of Hylas borne away by water-nymphs. It was given me for its uncommon beauty; and who will not try harder to be good, for being deemed a fit recipient of the beautiful? A root, which promises to bloom into fragrance, is sent by an old Quaker lady, whom I know not, but who says, "I would fain minister to thy love of flowers." Affection sends childhood to peep lovingly at me from an engraving, or stand in classic grace, embodied in the little plaster cast. The far-off and the near, the past and the future, are with me in my humble apartment. True, the mementoes cost little of the world's wealth; for they are of the simplest kind; but they express the universe—because they are thoughts of love, clothed in forms of beauty.

Why do I mention these things? From vanity? Nay, verily; for it often humbles me to tears, to think how much I am loved more than I deserve; while thousands, far nearer to God, pass on their thorny path, comparatively uncheered by love and blessing. But it came into my heart to tell you how much these things helped me to be *good*; how they were like roses dropped by unseen hands, guiding me through a wilderness-path unto our Father's mansion. And the love that helps *me* to be good, I would have you bestow upon all, that *all* may become good. Believe me, the great panacea for all the disorders in the universe is Love. For thousands of years the world has gone on perversely, trying to overcome evil *with* evil; with the worst results, as the condition of things plainly testifies. Nearly two thousand years ago, the prophet of the Highest proclaimed that evil could be overcome only with *good*. But "when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find *faith* on the earth?" If we *have* faith in this holy principle, where is it written on our laws, or our customs?

Write it on thy own life; and men reading it shall say, "Lo, something greater than vengeance is here; a power mightier than coercion." And thus the individual faith shall become a social faith; and to the mountains of crime around us, it will say, "Be thou removed, and cast into the depths of the sea!" and they *will* be removed; and the places that knew them shall know them no more.

This hope is coming toward us, with a halo of sunshine round its head; in the light it casts before, let us do works of zeal with the spirit of love. Man *may* be redeemed from his thraldom! He *will* be redeemed. For the mouth of the Most High hath spoken it. It is inscribed in written prophecy, and He utters it to our hearts in perpetual revelation. To you, and I, and each of us, He says, "Go, bring my people out of Egypt, into the promised land."

To perform this mission, we must love both the evil and the good, and shower blessings on the just as well as the unjust. Thanks to our Heavenly Father, I have had much friendly aid on my own spiritual pilgrimage; through many a cloud has pierced a sunbeam, and over many a pitfall have I been guided by a garland. In gratitude for this, fain would I help others to be good, according to the small measure of my ability. My spiritual adventures are like those of the "little boy that run away from Providence." When weary or discouraged, my soul seats itself on some door-step,—it may be that of a young friend who gathered for me flowers in summer, and grasses, ferns, and red berries in the autumn; or it may be Mary Howitt, who always "turns the *sunny* side of things to human eyes;" or the serene and gentle Fenelon; or the devout Thomas à Kempis, or the meek-spirited John Woolman, or the heavenly-minded Doddridge, or the saintly beauty of Raphael, or the clear melody of Handel, or the eloquent hopefulness of Channing, or the cathedral tones of Keble, or a laughing child; but whoever it may be, when they find me waiting, they all welcome me into their hearts, and "make me a nice little bed there." Fain would I do the same, for all who come to *my* door-step, hungry, and cold, spiritually or naturally. To the erring and the guilty, above all others, the door of my heart shall never open outward. I have too much *need* of mercy.—L. M. C.

THE PHILADELPHIA FAIR.

The committee appointed to make arrangements for the Philadelphia Fair, acknowledge the receipt, among other things, of a beautiful *orange tree*, bearing fruit at different stages of growth, sent from a friend in York—a distance of near a hundred miles; and also a half-barrel cask of superior and carefully prepared *butter*, sent from Milton, Pa.—a distance of about two hundred miles.

They hope that the thoughtfulness and promptness of these distant friends will be imitated by those who live nearer the city, and who may, with less expense and effort, contribute equally to the usefulness and profits of the Fair.

By an announcement in another column, it will be seen that the Philadelphia abolitionists are about to hold, simultaneously with their Fair, a large *City and County Convention*. This convention is intended to embrace, as acting members, all who may come from other parts of the State, and to take the place of the customary winter meeting of the State society.

STATE CONVENTION IN CONNECTICUT.

We trust our *friends* in that region will make a vigorous effort, and rally to this meeting from all quarters. Public attention *must* be aroused, and public opinion regenerated on the subject of slavery. The more zeal and energy we apply, the quicker will the task be accomplished. Far more than the emancipation of three millions of slaves is at stake; the permanence of our own free institutions, and our moral influence on the world is involved therein. Moreover, *now* is the time to work! The soil of the public mind is now well prepared for good seed, and if sown with a liberal hand, it will bring forth a rich harvest. Abolitionists of Connecticut, be awake and active!

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The English papers state that a public meeting has been held in London, to express their admiration for the conduct of Harriet Martineau, in refusing a pension, on the ground that she recognized the right of no one but the people's *representatives* to give away the people's *money*. The speakers (among whom was Dr. Bowring) wished that some great personages (alluding to Prince Albert, perhaps,) had been possessed of similar delicacy and generosity; they intimate that henceforth ministerial pensions will not be accepted without a consciousness of degradation.

HYDROPATHY.—Our last paper contained a long article on this subject, which seems well worthy of attention among the novelties of the da [illegible] those who knew the English traveller, Edward S. Abdy, it will be interesting to learn that the Water-Cure has routed his long-seated diseases; and he, in gratitude, has written a book on the subject, published by Murray, in London.

The book upon this subject, which we mentioned in our last as translated from the German, is for sale at William Radde's, 322 Broadway.

ENGLISH PERIODICALS.—Mr. Mason has republished with his usual despatch and neatness, Blackwood's Magazine; The Dublin University Magazine, and Bentley's Miscellany, for November. They contain a good many amusing and spirited articles, and several of permanent interest.

A MISTAKE.—We are requested to state that the note from John Jay, accompanying the article called "Abuse of the Laws," was not intended for publication. It found its way into print by mistake of the editor.

Anti-Slavery Items.

THE LATIMER CASE.—From all parts of Massachusetts we hear of the rousing effect produced by this case. The dullest and coldest stirred when they found slavery thus *brought upon New England soil*. Wherever there was a spark of anti-slavery, this has kindled it into a flame. Indignation is expressed, by papers not hitherto favorable to the abolitionists, that *anything* should have been paid to the slaveholder. They ask if the laws of Massachusetts permit the sale of human beings? and insist that this pretext of paying $400 for the manumission of the slave, in nowise alters the fact that he was *bought*.

A convention was held in Boston, on the 19th of November, at which Dr. Walter Channing, (physician,) brother of William Ellery Channing, publicly and warmly expressed his sympathy with those who were laboring for the abolition of slavery. The following resolutions were prepared by him on the spot:

Resolved, That we welcome this day—this meeting of freemen, to say to this State and to this country, that which fills their hearts—that the case of George Latimer is an epoch in the cause of American liberty, and that we hail it as the beginning of a work which will end only in the universal freedom of our beloved country.

Resolved, That we most respectfully call upon the people of this State for such an expression of their deep love of freedom, that they will emphatically call upon their representatives—those who are to labor for them and for their highest felicity—that they will so legislate that the prisons of this State never again be desecrated, by being made the prison-houses of our brethren, falsely called slaves.

Resolved, That we regard with the deepest sorrow, the agency of any of our fellow-citizens, in apprehending and committing to jail, and in keeping there, their own brother, George Latimer; and that, as men and as Christians, we now implore them to review this awful ministry, and to pledge themselves never again to be ministers in a similar work.

The following form of petition was adopted, to be sent throughout the commonwealth:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Massachusetts:

The undersigned, citizens of the State of Massachusetts, earnestly desiring to free this commonwealth and themselves from all connection with domestic slavery, and to secure the citizens of this State from the danger of enslavement, respectfully pray your honorable body,

1. To forbid all persons holding office, under any law of this State, from, in any way, officially, or under color of office, aiding or abetting the arrest or detention of any person claimed as a fugitive from slavery.

2. To forbid the use of our jails, or public property, of any description whatever, within the commonwealth, in the detention of any alledged fugitive from slavery.

3. To propose such amendments to the Constitution of the United States, as shall forever separate the people of Massachusetts from all connection with slavery.

The Liberator says: "THE GRAND MASSACHUSETTS LATIMER PETITION shall pass through every village of Massachusetts, like the 'fiery cross' of Clan Alpine; and shame on the heart that can demand legislative action for itself, and yet refuses to speed this petition right swiftly onward, that it may, by its size alone, secure attention to its demands. Then, though it should find no answering voice in the *hearts* of our legislators, (which Heaven avert,) their *voices* must sustain its claim."

> "Pride of the old Thirteen!
> On thy bleak hills speak out!
> A WORLD thy words shall hear;
> And they who listen round about,
> In friendship, or in fear,
> Shall know thee still, when sorest tried,
> Unshaken and unterrified."

The South is in a ferment, and renews the old threat of dissolving the Union. Alas, what *shall* we do, if our *masters* separate from us? How *can* we "take care of ourselves?"

The following are the comments of the Norfolk (Va.) Herald on the Latimer case:

Abolitionism Triumphant—The Constitution and the rights of the southern States trampled in the dust, in the city of Boston!—Our townsman, Mr. James B. Gray, returned home yesterday morning, after a long, harrassing, and expensive attendance on the course of justice (!!) in the *law-loving* city of Boston, in the hope of having his runaway slave, George Latimer, restored to him; but all to no purpose. He has been defrauded of his property by a mockery of justice, and forms of law twisted and contrived to defeat all his efforts to obtain his just rights.

Mr. Gray's case brings the "vexed question" between the North and the South to its ultimatum. His slave eloped from him, and he pursued him to Boston, where he found him, and produced the required proof of his ownership; according to the express authority of the Constitution, he had a right to take him away, without further let or molestation. But no! He was withheld from him upon some frivolous plea, which was to have been investigated on Monday last; but in the interim, the sheriff, who was well disposed at first to support the Constitution, and do his duty fearlessly, was intimidated and overawed by the fanatical spirit which ruled the hour, and he gave orders to his deputy, the jailor, who had the slave in charge, to release him—adding, that if he was not released by such an hour, he would dismiss him, the jailor, from his office. The slave was thereupon released, and no longer under the control of his master—upon the plea that the jail belonged to the *State*, and was not to be used to hold prisoners committed under the laws of the United States, without special permission, which would not be granted in this case.

Thus, then, the compact between the States has been violated by Massachusetts; and if, upon an application, by the party aggrieved, to the Supreme Court of the United States, for redress against the State of Massachusetts, to the full amount of his loss and damage, his claim shall be rejected, the great compact which binds these States together in one federal Union, will be, to all intents and purposes, dissolved! If what are called the "free States" *par excellence*, can with impunity send their emissaries into the slave States to seduce their slaves to run away, and then afford them protection, and successfully resist the rightful claims of their owners—and there is no power in the federal Constitution to enforce redress, the obligations of the compact will be no longer binding, and a government admitting of such an abuse would be more odious than the worst kind of despotism. It is needless to add, that the slave States would hold this blessed Union, hallowed as it is by all that is dear to the heart of the patriot, as dust in the balance against their rights. The Quixottes of Boston may exult in their triumph over Gray; but they have not counted the cost. And we say it with deep concern—for we are peaceably inclined, and have the disposition to love all our brethren in all parts of the Union—that this wrong done to James B. Gray *cannot*—WILL NOT be tamely submitted to by the citizens of the South. As one man they will rise and demand redress for it, and security for their property for the future. This is not an individual matter which may be compromised or hushed up: it is the case of every slave owner in the South—ALL are interested in it—all will feel the necessity imposed on them to take prompt and decisive action in the premises. Now *or never* is the time for them to act. Any change, in preference to that condition when the guarantees of our glorious Constitution under which this Union has heretofore so happily flourished, can be nullified by the laws of Massachusetts, or the insurrectionary proceedings of her citizens, with impunity. Away with the paltry political issues and contests of the day, until this momentous question is settled.

RUNNING FROM A SINKING SHIP.—It is curious to observe the signs of the times. We abolitionists said, some years ago, that we would make American citizens *ashamed* of being slaveholders, or the accomplices of slaveholders. We have labored diligently in our vocation; and see how sensitive people are becoming about being charged with aiding and abetting in man-stealing. The Boston Atlas contains a long statement from E. G. Austin, Gray's attorney, in which he excuses his connection with the Latimer Case on the score of *professional* duty; and says, moreover, that he believed the slave was a *thief*. If he had been wiser, he would have known that a slaveholder *must* be one, by vice of his position.

Samuel Fretz, of Doylestown, Bucks county, Penn. being accused of letting his horses to go in pursuit of a fugitive slave, publishes the following circular in the papers:

"About ten days since, a slaveholder came to this place in search of two of his slaves. He employed an attorney, and sent a constable after them, who soon brought one of them to this place and lodged him in prison. The attorney got my horses, as he said, to go twenty miles, but did not inform me where to, or what was his errand. I knew not that any person was in search of *slaves* until about two hours after the horses had gone, when I was informed that a slave had been caught, and was then in prison. The next morning the horses were brought back, and then the officer told me that he took the negro to Philadelphia with them. In fact, I was not aware, nor did I suspect, that they were to be used for any *such* purpose."

General Scott, too, is desirous to escape the odium attached to the "peculiar institution." J. Q. Adams writes thus, to the editors of the Boston Atlas:

QUINCY, Nov 18th, 1842.

SIRS:—In the address to my constituents of the 12th congressional district of Massachusetts, at Braintree, on the 17th of September last, when commenting on the result of that compromise in the Constitution of the United States, whereby the House of Representatives is composed of two classes of members, those North of Mason and Dixon's line, representing only *persons*, and those South of that line, representing *persons, property, and slavery*—the property consisting of 1200 millions of dollars in human beings, I stated the enormous disproportion of all the offices of power, and trust, under the government of the Union, held by the citizens of the southern or slaveholding section of the Union; and in the specific enumeration of individuals, I included the present commander-in-chief of the army, though without naming him. I have since received a communication from General Scott himself, informing me that he is *not* a slaveholder; and I very cheerfully correct the statement in my address, so far as respects him.

I *told* you we would make the nation ashamed of this vile business; and, mark me, we will redeem our pledge. Keep the fire burning behind the thermometer of public opinion! the mercury rises fast.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.—The friends of this famous slaveholder seem strongly disinclined to run a northern candidate, though he should kiss the very dust from their feet.

In Alabama they speak in this style: "*We of the South must take care of ourselves. We have* HAD *to do so. What did the northern horse achieve in the last race but upon our part of the track? The coming contest is to be one in which the vital principles and interests of the South will be at stake.* Shall we be true to ourselves or shall we again, through over-cautiousness, compromise and throw away our vantage ground? In such things, cowardice betrays worse than treason; we would rather be beaten under the standard of such a man as Mr. Calhoun, battling for our *hereditary principles—our household gods*—than to win a bootless fight under another leader.

It is stated that a Calhoun paper, called the Spectator, is to be started at Washington, which has for a leading principle, that it is the duty of the *general government* to support slavery in the slave States.

Let the issue come. Slavery and freedom *must* clash, till one or the other yields.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 11th mo. (November) 29th.

Received for the Standard.—The following persons have each paid $2: Rev. S. S. Smith, Joseph B. Drury, Benson Bigelow, and Upton & Randall, Westminster, Mass.; Solomon Johnson, West Brookfield, N. Y.; Daniel Ricketson, New Bedford; Hall & Merrick, Willington, Ct.; John Phillips, Somers, Ct.; John D. Tourtelotte, Stafford Springs, Ct; S. A. Tillinghast, Natick, R. I.; Nathan Dwelly, Hanover, Mass.; Edwin A. Stephens, Rev. W. B. Stone, Charles W. Bush, Mary K. Glazier, A. B. Minot, and Sumner S. Simonds, Gardner, Mass.; Mehitable Goddard, Athol, Mass.; W. B. Goodenow, Hubbardstown, Mass.

Elizabeth Halsey, Westminster, Mass. $1; A. Taylor, Cambridgeport, Mass. 50 cents. The following persons, Marengo, Wayne co. N. Y. have each paid $1 67: Leonard Chace, Asa Anthony, Robert Palmer, Isaac Thorn, Griffin Palmer; Stephen A. Pomfrey, Nantucket, Mass. $; Andrew L. Snow, do. $1; Mary W. Addington, do. $1; A. B. Judd, Cazenovia, N. Y. $1; E. W. Bugbee, Stafford Springs, $1; Zima Winter, do. $1; Geo. Andrews, Knowlesville, N. Y. $1; J. D. Chandler, do. 50 cents; Luther Topliff, do. 50 cents; N. Wright, Hubbardstown, Mass. $1; George W. Hamilton, do. $1; Willard Raymond, do. $1; Elisha Murdock, do. $1; Thomas Temple, do. $1; Dr. M. Phelps, do. $1.

Donations.—Col. Josiah Merriam, Princeton, Mass. $5; Elisha A. Merrick, do. $3; J. M. Everlitte, do. $1; M. Roderick, do. 50 cents; Joshua Everlette, do. 50 cents; S. G. Merrick, do. 12 cents; John Merrick, do. $1; Samuel Griffin, do. 50 cents; Edwin Davis, do. $1 50; Rev. O. Cunningham, do. $1; Albert C. Howe, do. $2; Paul Merrick, do. 25 cents; Samuel Randell, do. 25 cents; Reuben Whiting, do. 25 cents; Josiah Cutting, do. 25 cents; J. T. Everett, do. $1 44; W. S. Everett, do. $1; Benjamin Wyman, Westminster, Mass. $2; John Fessenden, do. 50 cents; Joseph B. Drury, do. 50 cents; Eliza C. Clapp, Leicester, Mass. $5; collections at Atholl, Mass. $4 86; do. do. Hubbardstown, Mass. $7 05; S. A. Tillinghast, Natike, R. I. $1.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas'r.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Great Storm at the West.—A great storm commenced on the 17th, on the shores of Lake Erie, and continued for several days. Snow covered the ground to a very considerable depth, and lay in drifts three feet deep in many places. There was great havoc among the shipping. The beach for several miles was strewn with barrels of flour, thrown overboard by vessels in distress. Eleven vessels were wrecked. Among others, the schr. Jefferson, with a melancholy loss of life. One entire family, from Hartford, Conn. perished—husband, wife, and five children, together with a young woman, and one of the men belonging to the vessel. The mate wrapped his overcoat around the wife, and tried to keep her warm by walking her to and fro on the beach, but she soon became exhausted, and incapable of motion, and was placed in the boat which had washed up, where she died in a short time. Her husband was delirious on reaching shore, and attempted to escape into the swamp near by, but perished within a short distance. The young woman was discovered next day, standing in an upright posture, in the forecastle companion-way, frozen stark and stiff, with hands partly raised in an imploring posture, and her eyes fixed in a cold and stony gaze upon the shore.

Rhode Island.—The Providence Journal contains the votes of 25 towns, which give 3,635 votes for the new constitution, and 19 against it. For admitting blacks to the right of suffrage, 1,797; against it, 565.

Lord Morpeth.—This liberal-minded nobleman is preparing a book of Travels in the United States.

Congress.—The second regular session of the 27th Congress commences next Monday.

Honor to Vermont!—The legislature of Vermont, at its recent session, abolished capital punishment; substituting therefor, imprisonment for life; unless the Governor shall, after one year, issue a warrant directing the criminal to be executed.

The Vermont Watchman says: "The feeling had become very general in this State that capital punishment is a relic of a barbarous age. Indeed, it was difficult to select a jury who would convict of murder, knowing the inevitable consequence."

Outrage in Alabama.—A young man by the name of George W. Lore, a native of New Jersey, went to Alabama in 1838, and married a wealthy lady there. A deadly animosity existed between her family and a neighboring family by the name of Mitchell. In the spring of 1840, Henry Blake, the nephew of this Mr. Mitchell, was found dead in a hollow tree. Without the slightest ground for suspicion, Mr. Lore was arrested by Blake's friends, brutally treated, and thrust into prison. Legal proceedings were instituted, merely to quell the excitement, and the prisoner admitted to bail of $10,000; but he was no sooner set at liberty, than his enemies again seized him, and dragged him back to prison. After three trials, he was declared guilty, on no other testimony than that of Blake's aunt, who swore she saw them ride by her house together about a month before the body was found, although they were wholly unacquainted with, and had never seen each other—and as no precise time was fixed when the murder was alledged to have been committed, he had no opportunity to prove an alibi. Judge Booth granted an appeal to the Supreme Court, which reversed the whole proceedings, declaring the testimony to be "unfit to be received by any court of justice recognized among civilized nations." Previous to this, Mr. Lore, by the advice and assistance of friends, escaped from prison, and returned to his father's residence. There he remained until a short time ago, when he unfortunately went to Alabama, to look after his property. Before he had returned, however, Mitchell, the man at whose instigation he was first arrested, had been charged with the murder of Blake, and arrested as his murderer! This fact greatly incensed the friends of Mitchell against the unfortunate and innocent Lore. As soon as he arrived at his plantation, they seized him, and hung him by Lynch law. He is said to have been a virtuous and honorable young man, much beloved and respected. He was educated at the Wesleyan academy, Wilbraham, Mass.

Writing on Newspapers.—The Postmaster General has decided that *any* writing or hieroglyphics on a newspaper renders it subject to letter postage. It will not do to write even "from A. B." This seems small business.

Important Movements.—The United States will soon have a formidable force at Vera Cruz. In addition to the steamship Missouri, and one of the United States vessels which left Pensacola for that port last month, the frigate Constitution and sloop of war Morton have also been ordered to proceed there forthwith.

Negro Insurrection.—On the 16th inst. considerable excitement prevailed in the parishes of Concordia, Madison, and Carroll, La. in consequence of a discovery of a contemplated rising of the negroes. It appears that there are now in the swamps of that region about 300 runaway negroes belonging to the parishes named, all of whom, it is presumed, are armed. Some fifteen or twenty negroes have been arrested and examined, and from the facts elicited on the examination, it is believed, that an insurrection was contemplated about Christmas. The plot seems to have been extensive, embracing in its operations, negroes from nearly every plantation in the three parishes.—*N. O. Tropic.*

A dreadful storm took place on the coast of England about the last of October, during which the loss of life and property was immense.

Frightened to Death.—Four women living within a short distance from each other in Somerset, Me., have within a few weeks become deranged in consequence of the preaching of the Millerites. One is since *dead*—one has been sent to the Insane Asylum at Worcester, and two remain with their friends.

Union of the Atlantic and Pacific.—The Company chartered by the Government of New Granada to construct this Canal have completed their surveys.

The excavation or cutting necessary to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by means of the river Vine Tinto, Bernardine and Fazfan, is only twelve miles and a half; the fall will be regulated by four double locks of 188 feet in length. The whole of the projected canal will be 49 miles in length, 135 feet in breadth at the surface of the water, and 55 feet at the bottom, 20 feet in depth, and will be navigable for vessels of from 1000 to 1400 tons.

This junction of the two oceans, by bringing the islands of the Pacific, China, Japan, Australia, Borneo, Sumatra, &c., some 4000 leagues nearer to us, by rendering the navigation of the ocean less dangerous, less expensive and more expeditious, will effect a great revolution in the commerce of the whole world, a revolution of which America will experience the benefits before all other nations.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

NOTICES.

ANNIVERSARY.

The Vermont Anti-Slavery Society will hold their next, being their eighth anniversary, at Williston, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th and 12th days of January, 1843.

An introductory discourse by C. C. Burleigh will be given on the preceding evening.

A general attendance of delegates, from the numerous auxiliaries, and others friendly to the cause of abolition is earnestly solicited. It is expected the important subjects involving in some respects the mode of future action of the friends of the slave, which appear naturally at this period of the anti-slavery operations to demand discussion, will ensure a very general attendance.

J. A. ALLEN, *Sec. of the Ex. Com.*

WINDHAM COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Windham County (Conn.) Anti-Slavery Society, will hold an adjourned meeting, at the tavern hall, in Canterbury, on Tuesday, the 6th of December, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

It will undoubtedly be a meeting of great interest, and a large attendance from all parts of the county is earnestly solicited.

James Munroe, and other distinguished friends of the cause, will be present. Refreshments will be provided by the friends at the place.

EDWIN SCARBOROUGH, *Sec.*

JAMES MUNROE'S MEETINGS.

By leave of Providence I will lecture at

Upton,	Mass.	Thursday,	Dec. 1,	in the Evening.
Douglass,	"	Friday,	" 2,	"
"	"	Saturday,	" 3,	"
W. Woodstock,	Conn.	Sunday,	" 4,	"
N. Society, Canterbury,	Ct.	Monday,	Dec. 5,	"
Canterbury Centre,	Ct.	Tuesday,	Dec. 6,	"

JAMES MUNROE,
Agent American Anti-Slavery Society.

WORCESTER COUNTY (MASS.) SOUTH DIVISION ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of said society will be held in Worcester, at the East Town Hall, on Tuesday, December 6th, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A.M. The members of the society, men and women, each and all, are earnestly requested to be present.

SAMUEL MAY, *Rec. Sec.*

Leicester, Nov. 22d.

A Quarterly meeting of the Bucks County Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the New Prospect School-house, on 7th day, the 10th of December, at 10 o'clock, A.M.

The members are requested to come prepared for a short mass during the meeting. The friends of Freedom are requested to be at this meeting, to give their undivided expression of sentiment in regard to the late cases of *kidnapping* in our county.

WM. BURGESS, *Secretary.*

A meeting of the Union Society of Buckingham and Plumstead will be held at Buckingham School-house, on First day afternoon, at 2 1-2 o'clock, on the 11th day of December, when lectures may be expected on the subject of slavery.

PHILADELPHIA FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION.

A stated meeting of the Association of Friends for promoting the abolition of slavery and improving the condition of the Free people of color, will be held at the usual place on 4th day evening, the 7th inst. at 7 o'clock.

CALEB CLOTHIER, } *Clerks.*
SARAH PALMER, }

PHILADELPHIA FAIR.—NOTICE TO FARMERS.

As there may be some farmers or others in this country who wish to contribute to the object, but whom it may not suit to be present, or to send, at the precise time the Fair is held. All such are informed that their poultry and other produce will be quite as acceptable if forwarded, any time between this and then, to the Anti-Slavery Office, and that it will be duly disposed of by the agent, and its proceeds handed over to the Committee on the Fair.

PHILADELPHIA CITY AND COUNTY CONVENTION.

An anti-slavery convention for the city and county of Philadelphia, and parts adjacent, will be held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 21st, 22d, and 23d of December. The exact hour and place of meeting will be made known in due time.

This convention is designed to take the place of the usual winter meeting of the State society, and is expected to be fully as large and interesting. Some choice speakers, and choice spirits from different parts of the country will be in attendance.

☞ Every member of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and all persons interested in the cause, whether in the State or out of the State, are especially and earnestly invited to attend.

As the meeting is to take place nearly simultaneously with the Fair—which will be one of unusual attraction, and at a time of leisure among the farmers, it is hoped that there will be a full turn out from the country.

By order of the committee, J. M. McKIM.

NINTH MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR. ADDRESS.

The undersigned, deeply interested in the anti-slavery cause, and feeling it to be one which will have the warmest support of every good man and woman, have decided to do what they can to condense and make available the good wishes of the community, by holding their Ninth Annual Fair during Christmas week, 1842. It is a laborious and costly undertaking to awaken a nation to the knowledge of its perilous condition by reason of slavery. To do it without stirring up the slaves to bloodshed, without exciting a party rage under the name of philanthropy, and without yielding to opposition;—to do it by the enunciation of sublime truth, and by spreading abroad the knowledge of assured facts; this is the work before us to which the funds raised by means of the Fair will be devoted. Not a dollar of them will be expended in the labor of making an abolition party or an abolition sect, but in the promulgation among all men of the great forgotten principles of freedom, without which every party and sect in the land are but leading it down to ruin, and without which no man may for a moment flatter himself that he is a patriot or a Christian.

The money raised will be expended in publishing and circulating the ablest writings, and in sustaining the most devoted and able persons who are found sacrificing themselves to this service of freedom.

Millions of people are to be freed, and some will shrink back in alarm at the magnitude of the undertaking. We invite their participation in the work, with the promise of that expansion of soul, in consequence of their labors, which will enable them to feel that this is but a portion of their work on earth. A few there are who say that the emancipation of the slaves of our country is too small and unsatisfactory a labor to engage their attention. We beg them to remember that it was a work worthy of a God to create men free, and therefore it cannot be beneath the attention of any human being to restore men to freedom. To aid the progress of the human race is the greatest and the worthiest object. To aid it effectually involves the use of a multiplicity of means, which, however small in themselves, are not, on that account, the less necessary. The loftiest soul locks noblest in the discharge of the lowliest duties. To those whom fear drives back and self-interest hinders, we present a cause which has power even to make them forget themselves, and to give them courage and nobleness. To those who are spiritless and lifeless for want of some deeply interesting occupation, who are consumed by ennui, and old in heart before their time,—to all who are enjoying prosperity, and to all who are suffering affliction, we present this cause as a blessing, a claim, and a consolation.

There is no class or condition of men or women to whom the call for help in such a cause does not come with commanding energy: and we call on all for aid, in the name of that truth, which has received our best years as its right.

Maria W. Chapman,	Lydia Maria Child,
Eliza F. Meriam,	Emily A. Winslow,
Anne W. Weston,	Mary G. Chapman,
Henrietta Sargent,	Susan Cabot,
Olivia Bowditch,	Marianne Cabot,
Caroline F. Williams,	Abby Southwick,
Catherine Sargent,	Mary Young,
M. A. W. Johnson,	Mary Willey,
Helen E. Garrison,	Louisa Loring,
Eliza Lee Follen,	Ann T. Greene Phillips,
Thankful Southwick,	Hannah Tufts,
Lavinia Hilton,	Mary F. Rogers,
Anna R. Philbrick,	Marian A. Fuller,
Caroline Weston,	Louisa M. Sewall,
Sarah B. Shaw,	Maria White.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE.

The announcement of the annual Fair, held by the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society, has perhaps come to be regarded by you as a thing of course; and the Fair as an occurrence which will take place as certainly without your agency as with it. Our object in addressing you is to inform you that the success of this enterprise depends very much on yourselves, and to solicit your effort in its behalf. Although its management is in the hands of the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society, yet as its proceeds are devoted to the general interests of the cause, in its prosperity you are all concerned, and we confidently appeal to you for aid in its preparation. Time, skill, industry, money, are all requisite; and of these you are entreated to give according to your abundance. All can contribute something, and if every abolitionist would but give what may be conveniently spared, the pecuniary and other good results of our next Fair might be tenfold greater than those of any preceding one. But lest *all* should not be sufficiently zealous, let some working abolitionists make large demands on their convenience, and some sacrifice of time and money, if need be, comparing their toil with that of the slave, for whose sake they willingly endure it. In these "hard times" let not our first retrenchments be in our charities.

The community is so familiar with the details of Fairs, that it can scarcely be necessary to mention the various kinds of articles desired. Almost everything which finds a ready sale in other marktes, and which is the product of requited labor, may be usefully appropriated here. Clothes, furniture, books, toys, and fancy articles of every description will be gladly and gratefully received. Those who propose to furnish us with unwrought materials will please send them seasonably.

We acknowledge with pleasure, a generous donation from an untiring friend of the cause, the value of which is enhanced by the early time at which it was given.

We call upon you, then dear fellow-laborers in behalf of the slave, (the mention of whose name should ever stir the deepest recesses of our hearts,) to aid us promptly, liberally, cheerfully.

All contributions may be sent to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North Fifth street, or to any member of the committee.

Maria M. Davis,	Elizabeth J. Neall,
Sarah A. M'Kim,	Lydia Gillingham,
Huldah Justice,	Emma Parker,
Rebecca Shaw,	Sarah Pugh,
Janet Jackson,	Harriet E. Purvis,
Mary Grew,	Taressa I. Hallowell,
Margaret A. Griscom,	Mary T. Stickney,
Martha W. Carman,	Anna M. Hopper.

FRIEND OF FREEDOM, AND FREE LABOR ADVOCATE,

Is the name of a contemplated monthly sheet, to be published at Lodi, Cattaraugus, and Erie counties, N. Y.

As the organ of Western New-York Free Produce Association, it will be conducted by its Executive Committee. Its object will be to carry out or to extend the object of the association, as expressed in the following motto:

WE HOLD THAT THE CORNER STONE OF THE CITADEL OF UNIVERSAL FREEDOM, CONSISTS IN ABSTINENCE FROM THE PRODUCTS OF SLAVE LABOR. It is confidently believed that just so soon as the people of the free States stop trading with, or buying the productions of, the slave States, slaveholders will begin to pay wages, and hence slavery cease to exist. Young men and young women are invited to take an interest in this cause, and subscribe for the FRIEND OF FREEDOM.

Communications from them and others, written in a plain, familiar style, and as briefly as the nature of the case will admit, will be thankfully received and attended to, provided they be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer.

With the blessing of Heaven upon the unwearied exertion of the friends of suffering humanity, the Jubilee of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION will ere long arrive.

TERMS, &c.—THE FRIEND OF FREEDOM and FREE LABOR ADVOCATE will make its appearance as soon as there are a sufficient number of subscribers to warrant the undertaking. It is expected to be about the size of the Oberlin Evangelist or Youth's Cabinet, and as to matter and mechanical execution, it will be as neat and interesting as the means at the disposal of the committee can make it.

It will be afforded to single subscribers at FIFTY CENTS per annum—to companies of five, with one address, $2 00; of ten, $3 00; of twenty, $5 00. Remittances for subscribers can be made by Postmasters without expense.

Address (post paid) Levi Taft, Treasurer, Lodi, Persia Postoffice, N. Y., or Lorenzo Mabbett, Corresponding Secretary, Collins, Erie Co. N. Y.

11th Month, 1842

N. B. Publishers who will give the above prospectus a few insertions in their papers, shall be entitled to a copy of the FRIEND OF FREEDOM.

ELIAS HICKS.

A New edition of a copper-plate likeness of ELIAS HICKS, has been published, and is for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 143 Nassau street, N. Y.

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE FOUNTAIN.—A SONNET.

BY WILLIAM PAGE.

Gloriously thou sendst thy snowy spray!
Up-rushing from the earth, towards the sky,
The aspiring globules as in gladness fly;
Feeling the far-off impulse, through the way
Circuitous, long, labyrinthine, they
Rise to the fountain-level, that doth lie
Distant afar, upon an eminence high,
Sweetly reflecting Heaven in its sweet play;
Like infant innocence, in after life
The far-off Fountain-head, to which aspires
The upward-rising soul, in a world rife
With wrong, yet wanting not desires
Worthy to burn as beacons through the strife,
And be rekindled at Heaven's Altar-fires.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SONNETS.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

CHANNING.

I.

Who now shall plead thy grievous wrongs, poor slave?
Scourged darkling! who, with melting eloquence,
Win for thee tears, and prayers, and hoarded pence,
Now they have borne thy Channing to the grave?
Channing, who plead for thee so gently brave,
Till our warmed hearts lost all their cold defense,
And selfish thoughts, we vainly urged for sense,
Charmed submission to his pleadings gave.
Weep for him, all who wear the oppressor's chain!
Whether in Europe's loathesome cells confined,
Where brutish pastors rule the unconscious mind,
Or torn from your wild homes across the main,
Or unpaid laboring for your fellow-kind:
For you his voice will ne'er be heard again.

II.

Stilled is that voice, whose dying utterance spoke
Great truths in gentle strains, that ne'er shall cease
To echo from men's hearts with wide increase,
Till the last link of slavery shall be broke,
And man no longer wear his fellow's yoke,
While the oppressor rests in swinish ease,
And recreant rulers court ignoble peace;
Or hirelings, covered with religion's cloak,
Palsy the ear with words in cloister caught;
Dull, bookish words, to God nor man allied;
Lifeless abortions born of priestly pride,
Which mouthed for centuries, still come to naught;
Falsely proclaimed of Him, the crucified,
Who first to man tidings of Freedom brought.

From the Democratic Review.

SONNETS.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

[Suggested by Wordsworth's sonnets in favor of CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.]

I.

As the broad ocean endlessly upheaveth,
With the majestic beating of his heart,
The mighty tides, whereof its rightful part
Each sea-wide gulf and little weed receiveth—
So, through his soul who earnestly believeth,
Life from the universal heart doth flow;
Whereby some conquest of the eternal wo
By instinct of God's nature he achieveth:
A fuller pulse of this all-powerful Beauty
Into the poet's gulf-like heart doth tide;
And he more keenly feels the glorious duty
Of serving Truth, despised and crucified;—
Happy, unknowing sect or creed, to rest,
And feel God flow forever through his breast.

II.

Once hardly in a cycle blossometh
A flower-like soul, ripe with the seeds of song;
A spirit fore-ordained to cope with wrong;
Whose divine thoughts are natural as breath;
Who the old darkness thickly scattereth
With starry words, which shoot prevailing light
Into the deeps, and wither, with the blight
Of serene Truth, the coward heart of Death.
Wo, if such spirit *sell* his birthright high,
And mock with *lies* the longing soul of man!
Yet one age *longer* must true Culture lie,
Soothing her bitter fetters as she can,
Until *new* messages of Love outstart,
At the next beating of the Infinite Heart.

III.

The love of *all* things spring from love of *one*:
Wider the soul's horizon hourly grows,
And over it, with fuller glory, flows
The sky-like spirit of God. A hope begun
In doubt and darkness, 'neath a fairer sun
Cometh to fruitage—if it be of Truth;
And to the law of meekness, faith, and ruth,
By inward sympathy shall all be won.
This *thou* shouldst know—who from the painted feature
Of shifting Fashion couldst thy brethren turn,
Unto the love of ever-youthful Nature,
And of a beauty fadeless and eterne:
And always 'tis the saddest sight to see
An old man faithless to Humanity.

IV.

A poet cannot strive for despotism;
His harp falls shattered; for it still must be
The instinct of *great* spirits to be *free*,
And the sworn foes of cunning barbarism.
He who has deepest searched the wide abysm
Of that life-giving soul, which men call fate,
Knows that to put more faith in Lies and Hate,
Than Truth and Love, is the *worst* atheism.
Upward the soul forever turns her eyes;
The next hour always shames the hour before;
One beauty, at its highest, prophesies
That by whose side it shall seem mean and poor.
No Godlike thing knows aught of less and less,
But widens to the boundless perfectness.

V.

Therefore, think not the *Past* is wise alone;
For Yesterday knows nothing of the best;
And thou shalt love it only as the nest,
Whence glory-winged things to Heaven have flown;
To the great Soul are all things known;
Present and future are to her as past;
While she, in glorious madness, doth forecast
That perfect bud, which seems a flower full-blown
To each new prophet; and yet always opes
Fuller and fuller, with each day and hour,
Heartening the soul with odor of fresh hopes,
And longings high, and gushings of wide power,
Yet never is, or shall be, *fully* blown,
Save in the forethought of the Eternal One.

VI.

Far 'yond this narrow parapet of time,
With eyes uplift, the poet's soul should look
Into the endless *Promise*; nor should brook
One prying doubt to shake his faith sublime.
To him, the earth is ever in her prime,
And dewyness of morning; he can see
Good lying hid, from all eternity,
Within the teeming womb of sin and crime:
His soul should not be cramped by any bar,
His nobleness should be so Godlike high,
That his least deed is perfect as a star;
His common look majestic as the sky;
And all o'erflooded with a light from far.
Undimmed by clouds of weak mortality.

The working fire is *Action*, strong and true,
And helps ourselves and friends:
And *Speculation* is the chimney-flue,
Whereby the smoke ascends.—*Stirling.*

Miscellany.

From the Democratic Review.

HARRY BLAKE.

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER V.

On the night preceding the execution, in the bar-room of the Blue Horse, were assembled half-a-dozen men, most of whom had been there at the time of Blake's quarrel with Wickliffe. A dull and melancholy group they were. It might have been the absence of the jolly face and merry voice of old Garret Quackenboss, who was gone to Albany, to lay in a stock of substantials, to keep up the well-known gastronomic character of the Blue Horse; or it might have been the great size of the bar-room, with its murky corners, whose darkness was scarcely relieved by the dim light which flickered up from a dying fire, aided only by the flame of a single candle; or it might have been the approaching end of one who had so lately been among them, that had this chilling effect on their spirits. But certain it is, that rarely had the bar-room of the Blue Horse contained so dull a party.

Somehow or other, they had gradually drawn close to the fire; and as the night had closed in, and the wind railed about the old house, their conversation had assumed a sombre character, and they whispered in each others' ears, strange stories of robberies, midnight assassinations, and even of ghosts; and on this subject one of them was positive, having had a private ghost in his own family for years—an aunt in the fourth degree, by the mother's side, who haunted a hen-house on his father's place; and what was remarkable, after her last visitation, ten eggs, and the old game-cock, the patriarch of the barn-yard, were missing; showing that ghosts were partial to eggs, and not particular as to the age of poultry. Another of them mentioned in a confidential way to the whole company, that his grandfather had walked a mile, in a dark wood, one very stormy night, in company with a ghost, which behaved in a very civil and gentlemanlike manner; so much so, that the old gentleman up to the day of his death asserted, that ghosts were a very ill-used class of beings, and that, for his part, he wished that many people who pretended to be their betters, only were as good as they were. From this topic the conversation gradually wandered off to Harry Blake, and his trial, and his approaching death.

"Don't you think they might pardon him?" inquired Caleb Grayson, who was one of the party, and who had been sitting among them, without taking any part, or showing any interest in their conversation, until it touched upon the subject of Blake's execution; but then he seemed keenly alive to it, and with his features working with intense anxiety, he repeated his question: "Don't you think they *might?* I wish they would. Do tell me, some one. What do you think?"

"I heard that Mary Lincoln's father did his best for him, but it was of no use," replied one of those addressed. "But you must not grieve about it so. You couldn't *help* being a witness against him.—Even Harry said so himself."

The old man's face brightened, and something like a smile passed over it, as he said, "Did Harry say so? Well, I'm glad of that, I'm glad of that; for it makes me very sad when I think that it was I and Walton who put him where he is—indeed it does."

"It was no fault of yours," said the man, "and you mustn't let it trouble you. I'm sure I should have done as you did. Ah! here comes some one."

The last words were called forth by the sound of a horse clattering up to the house. Then the loud voice of a man was heard bawling out for some one to take his horse; and in a few minutes a tall man, unknown to them all, entered the room, with a short whip in his hand. There was little in his features, or the appearance of his person, to encourage familiarity; for his complexion was swarthy and sallow, and his expression anything but prepossessing; and his dress was coarse, and soiled, as if from hard travel.

He paused a moment, and looked about him as he entered the room; and then striding across it, drew a chair directly in front of the fire, in the midst of the group, and held his feet to the blaze.

"A threatening night, friends," said he, at length, addressing them.

There was something in the stern, sinister eye of the man, and his haggard, repulsive face, which gave a momentary check to the conversation, and no one answered him, but he went on.

"Go on—don't let me stop talk. On with you. I want to break in on no man's humor. I've an odd humor of my own; for I've heard that there's a man to be hanged to-morrow, and I've come fifty miles to see it. I was at the trial, and now I'm come to see if he'll wear the same bold face when he dies, that he did then."

"So you were at the trial?" said Caleb Grayson, who was leaning with his elbow on the table, and his cheek resting on the palm of his hand, and looking gloomily in the fire.

"Ay, I was, my man," said the stranger, bluntly; "and I saw you there. You were the witness who swore that you saw him stab Wickliffe. I was at your elbow at the time. Your testimony did for him."

The old man half started from his seat, and turned exceedingly pale, at the same time pressing his hand across his eyes. At last he said, in a low, agitated voice,

"What could a man do? I was forced to go, and my answer was on oath. I *did* see him stab him; I'm sure I did."

"*Then*, of course, it was all right. For my part, I'm glad he's to hang. I shall be glad when he is out of the way. Had I been on the jury, and known only what you stated, I would have brought in the same verdict."

The old man looked at him sharply, as he asked, "What do you mean? What else do you know?"

"Know!" repeated the stranger, looking carelessly up, and drumming with his whip upon his boot. "Nothing. What could I know? You saw him murder the man, didn't you? You swore to that. I should think there was little more to be discovered."

"True, true," replied the other. "Yet this is a strange story of Harry's; and even now he persists in it, and in asserting his innocence. Poor fellow! I always loved that boy as my own child. I, I who have brought him to this end. Poor little Mary Lincoln, too! it has killed her. Thank God, she is in her grave. It's better for her."

"Of course he'll insist to the last that he is not guilty," said the stranger. "There's always two ways of dying. Some confess, and throw themselves on the mercy of the law. Others keep their mouths tight, and accuse it of injustice, to the last. The first hope for pardon, through its clemency.—The last hope it, through the fear which every man has of shedding innocent blood. He's one of the last. He bears it boldly, I'm told."

"Harry Blake is no coward," replied Grayson.—He says he's ready to die; but that he is innocent. The love of life must be strong in him; for until now I never thought that he would lie, even to save his life. But he is not innocent—no—no, he is not; for I saw him do it—I saw him. The love of life is very strong. It must be, or Harry Blake would not lie."

A slight, sneering smile flitted across the face of the stranger, as he turned from the speaker, and looked among the dull embers of the fire, without speaking. It was a dim, dreary room, and its distant corners were lost in darkness; and the frame of the stranger, as he sat between the andirons, threw a gigantic, spectral shadow on the wall, that seemed to have something ominous about it; and taken in connection with the gloomy nature of the conversation, and the cold indifference of the stranger, and his wild, forbidding air, seemed to have thrown a chill on all about him. For as he sat there, buried in deep thought, with his eyebrows knit, and his lips working, as with suppressed emotion, those who had hitherto hugged the fire, began slowly to widen the distance between themselves and their ill-omened visiter; to scan his person, as if there were more in it than met the eye, and to watch his tall shadow on the wall, as if there were something about it more than appertained to shadows in general. Still they spoke not, until the object of their solicitude, as if concluding a long mental discussion, drew a heavy breath, and rising, said,

"Well, let him die. It's as well. Others have died in the same way."

Turning to a sort of under-barkeeper, who officiated in the absence of Garret, he said, "See to my horse, will you? And now show me to my room, and wake me at sunrise. I shall not breakfast here."

Those collected about the fire, watched him as he followed the attendant out of the room, and shut the door after them.

"What do you think of that man, Mr. Tompkins?" said one of them to a small man in an ample vest and contracted small clothes.

"Come, come, none of that," said the small man, with an air of suspicious stubbornness. "Don't be trying to make me commit myself by asking questions." As he spoke, he fixed his eyes obstinately on his own finger-nails—not that they were particularly clean or ornamental.

"Can't you speak your own mind, man?" said the other, pettishly.

Still the small man ogled his nails.

"Well, then," said his companion, "I'll tell you what I think. I think," said he, sinking his voice, and placing the back of his hand to the corner of his mouth, by way of indicating the extreme of confidence, "I think he won't be drowned."

"Ah!" said the small man, "if that's all, I think so myself."

And having settled this matter to their mutual satisfaction, they rose to go, a motion in which they were followed by all except Caleb Grayson, who, long after they were gone, and the room was silent and deserted, sat there, with a heavy heart, at the part which the law had forced him to take in the legal murder which was to take place on the morrow. At last he started up as if a sudden thought had struck him, and finding his way to the stable, saddled his horse and rode off.

It was a dark night. Black clouds were drifting across the sky, obscuring it, and together with the tall trees and forests which in places overhung the road, rendered it pitchy dark. In defiance of the threatening look of the sky, and the obscurity of the road, the old man kept steadily on for several hours, neither pausing to rest his beast nor to refresh himself, until it was broad daylight, when he arrived at a large wooden building. Stopping for the first time, he fastened his horse to the gate, and crossing a small yard, ascended a flight of steps, and entered the hall.

A guard was pacing up and down there; and near him, on a wooden bench, sat an old man, reading a worn-out Bible.

"Can I see Blake?" demanded Grayson of the old man.

"Yes, yes, I suppose you can," replied he, putting aside his book; "I've orders to admit his friends—a sad business—a sad business—and he the flower of the country round. Ah, neighbor Grayson, who would have thought it!"

Caleb Grayson made no reply to the remarks in which the old man indulged, until he opened the door of the room or cell, and pointed to Blake, seated at a small wooden table within.

Blake rose as the old man entered, and extended his hand to him.

"This is kind, Caleb," said he; "I was afraid that you alone, of all my friends, would not call to see me; for I know what you think of me."

"Ah! that's the reason, Harry, that I could not come," replied the other, sadly. "I knew that I had brought you to this, and I could not bear to come and look at my work."

"Well, well, it's all past, and God knows I've little to live for now—poor Mary—she's gone—no matter, no matter; the worst is over—and you mustn't lay it to heart, Caleb—you acted for the best, and we'll not talk of it."

"But we *must* talk of it, we must," exclaimed the old man. "In spite of all that I felt, it's what I came for. If I would die easy, I must know the truth; and I have come here, Harry, to beg, to conjure you to tell it."

"You have heard it already," said Harry, sadly.

"No, no, Harry, I have not; I know I have not," said he; "but you will tell it to me now."

Harry Blake turned his head away, and was silent.

"Harry, my dear boy," said the old man, crouching at his feet, and pressing his forehead against his knees; "my own dear boy, do confess to me. It will render more happy a life that is nearly spent, to have my statement confirmed from your own lips. Don't be afraid of me, Harry; for here I swear, in the presence of the God who made us both, that I will not reveal what you tell me. Indeed I will not. Come, Harry, come."

Caleb," said Blake, passing his hand kindly over the old man's head, "from my soul I pity you; but I cannot lie."

"*You* pity *me!*" said the old man, rising. "Am *I* the one to be pitied? No, no, not quite so bad as that; not quite so bad as that. I'll not believe it, say what you will. With my own eyes, Harry, I saw you commit that murder. Indeed I did—indeed I did!"

Blake shook his head. "You think so, I know you think so; I'll do you that justice. But your eyes deceived you. It's useless to dwell on this now. You have done what the law made your duty, in telling what you believed to be truth. I should have had to do the same myself; and I freely forgive you."

"No, no, Harry," said Grayson, with childish querulousness; "this will not do. Why will you not tell the truth? You cannot be saved now. All hope is past. Come, there's a good fellow. You met—you quarrelled—words grew high—he attacked you—and finally you—you stabbed him. Ha! ha! that was the way of it, wasn't it? A man will do many things when his blood's up, which he wouldn't at another time. Your hot blood couldn't bear all that he said. It was natural, and I think pardonable; indeed I do." He placed his hand on Blake's shoulders, and looking imploringly in his face, whilst his voice changed from its assumed tone of vivacity to one of the deepest sadness. "Harry, wasn't it so? Tell me, my own dear boy, wasn't it so?—You know you quarrelled with him at the tavern."

"I did, indeed," said Harry, gloomily; "God forgive me for it."

"And you swore that you would have revenge, if it cost you your life."

"It was an impious speech!" replied Blake, in a grave tone; "and fearfully has it been visited upon me."

"You left the tavern," continued Grayson, eagerly; "took the same road which he had taken; came up with him——"

"And found him dead!" said Blake.

"I'll not believe it! It's not true!" exclaimed the old man, striding up and down the room with his hands clasped together. "It's not true. Oh! Harry, it's horrible to go to the grave persisting in a lie."

"Hark!" said Blake, as the voices of persons approaching the door, were heard. "It's the hour, and they are coming for me! Good bye!"

"One word, Harry!" exclaimed the old man; "are you guilty?"

"No!" replied Blake, with an earnest emphasis.

The next moment the door was opened, and Blake was summoned to go forth.

CHAPTER VI.

By daybreak the country around was astir; men singly, and squads of three or four—women and children, old and young, the hale, the sick, the decrepit, were all in motion, and drifting, like a sluggish current, towards the scene of execution.

It was a large field, in a retired, out-of-the-way spot, hemmed in by trees; a place whose silence and solitude were rarely disturbed; yet now it hummed with life. Fences, rocks, and every little eminence of ground, were packed with people.—The trees were crowded with masses of human beings, who hung like bees from their branches; and near the foot of the gallows, the earth was black with them, crammed and wedged together—not a foot, not an inch to spare. There was a great sea of faces, turned up at one time to the tall frame-work above them; at another, towards where the far-distant road wound among the hills. Occasionally there was a scuffle, and the mass rocked to and fro, like a forest waving before the wind; and then came curses and execrations from the writhing multitude; but by degrees the tumult subsided, and they were quiet again. Then they looked at the sun, and wondered how soon Harry would come—they were weary with waiting. Some spoke of him as of an old friend. He was a fine fellow—they had known him from childhood. "Has he confessed yet?" inquired one. "No, no, not he," was the reply. "He'll not give up till the last; it's thought he'll do it then. I heard some one say, that old Caleb Grayson was all last night in his cell, trying to pump it out of him; but he was game. Caleb could get nothing from him." "Come, I like that," said the other, rubbing his hands together. "That's so like Harry; I'll bet ten to one he'll not show the white feather at the last. Ha! who's that?"

As he spoke, he pointed to a tall, swarthy man, who came forcing his way through the crowd, jostling them hither and thither, heeding not the grumblings and cursings which followed him, as he dragged himself on; once or twice, as some fellow more sturdy than the rest withstood him, he turned and glanced at him, with a look of such savage and bitter anger, that the man was glad to let him pass. Thus on he went, until he reached the very foot of the gallows; and there he fixed himself, taking notice of no one, and regardless that even in that dense crowd a small circle was formed around him, as if there were contamination in his touch. Above him, from the cross-piece of the gallows, the cord swung to and fro in the wind; and at times, as he raised his eye to it, a smile crossed his face, giving to it a strangely wild expression, that was long remembered by those who saw him there.

"There'll soon be something to tighten that string," said he, to a tall, burly man who stood nearest to him, with his good-natured eye running from the speaker to the cord, as if it struck him, that the weight most fitting for that purpose were nearer than he imagined.

"Yes, there will, more's the pity," said the man, in reply to the remark, after pausing for some time, as if in doubt whether it merited one; "I for one am sorry for it."

"Would you have the murderer escape?" demanded the stranger.

"Let him hang when he's found, say I," replied the man; "but Harry Blake denies that he did it, and I believe him."

Again that strange smile passed across the stranger's face, as he said, "Twelve sworn men, all of whom knew and liked Blake, heard the testimony, and said he did it. What more would you want?"

"I want Harry Blake's own confession, and we would have it, if he was guilty. That's what I want. I wish to Heaven, I had found him with the murdered man, I would have soon known the truth. I went to the spot the next day, but it was too late."

"What do you mean?" inquired the stranger, with some interest.

The man moved a little aside, and showed the head of a large dog, who was seated near him, with his nose thrust forward, almost touching the stranger. "I went with that dog to the spot, and I put his nose to the track. He went round and round, and over the ground for more than a quarter of a mile. In the woods he found an old hat, which he tore to rags. I believe it belonged to the true murderer,—(he was smelling that hat this very morning, for I took it with me,)—but he lost the scent. Then I carried him to Harry Blake; but he would not touch him."

"A strange dog."

"Damme, sir!" said the man, earnestly; "do you know that he's been snuffing about you for the last ten minutes. Curse me if I haven't my suspicions of you: d—d if I havn't."

The stranger's eyes fairly glowed, as he returned his look; and then he burst into a loud laugh, and turned to those around:

"Hear him! He says I murdered Wickliffe, because his dog smells at my knee. Ha! ha! ha! Why don't you arrest me?" demanded he, turning to the man.

The man, evidently abashed at this abrupt question, shook his head, muttered something between his teeth, and remained silent; and the stranger, after eyeing him for several moments, seeing that he was not disposed for further conversation, and apparently not caring to be the object of attention to all eyes, as he evidently then was, moved off among the crowd, and stationed himself on the opposite side of the gallows.

The time lagged heavily. The crowd grew restless and uneasy; and here and there, one or two, irritated beyond their patience, commenced a quarrel, which came to blows. This created a temporary excitement, but it was soon over, and by degrees they grew wearied again. They stamped their feet on the ground, to keep them warm. The farmers talked of their harvest and of their stock. Some of them gaped and yawned, and fell sound asleep as they stood there. Young girls flirted with and ogled their sweethearts, and there was many a pretty face in that crowd, whose owner had been induced to come only for the sake of him who was to escort her there, and who was thinking more of the young fellow who stood at her side, in his best apparel, than of poor Harry Blake. These, and the troops of liberated schoolboys, to whom a holyday was a great thing, even though bought by the life of a fellow-being, were the only persons unwearied.

But the time came at last, and a loud cry arose in the distance, and swept along through that multitude, becoming louder and louder, until it reached the foot of the gallows; and the whole mass swayed backward and forward, and rushed and crowded together, as in the distance the prisoner was seen approaching. With a slow, steady pace, the soldiers which escorted him came, forcing open the throng, and keeping an open space around the cart which conveyed him. Harry Blake was exceedingly pale, but his manner was composed, and his eye calm and bright as in his best days; and many a lip, as he passed, muttered a God bless him.

He spoke to no one; although his face once or twice faintly lighted with a look of recognition as he saw a familiar face. When he reached the foot of the scaffold, his eye for a moment rested on Caleb Grayson, looking imploringly toward him. The old man caught his glance, and exclaimed, as he ascended the steps:

"Now, Harry, now confess: *do*, Harry—for God's sake!"

Blake shook his head. "No, Caleb, I cannot, for I am innocent."

These were his last words; for in a few minutes the drop fell, and poor Blake's earthly career was ended.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the same swarthy man who had stood during the whole time at the foot of the gallows, and whom Grayson recognized as the person that he had met at the inn the night previous; "that business is over. That's law!" And, without noticing the startled looks of those about him, with the same recklessness which he had displayed in coming, he forced his way through the crowd, and disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.

About three months after the execution of Blake, the judge who presided at the trial received a note from a prisoner under sentence of death, requesting to see him without delay, as his sentence was to be carried into effect on the day following. On his way thither, he overtook an old man, walking slowly along the road; on accosting whom, he recognized him to be Caleb Grayson, who had been a witness at Blake's trial. The old man had received a note similar to his own; and was going to the same place, though he was equally at a loss to know the meaning of the summons. They both entered the cell together.

The prisoner was seated at a wooden table, with a small lamp in front of him, his forehead leaning on his hand, which shaded his eyes from the light. He was a tall, gaunt man, with dark, sunken eyes, and unshorn head, and hollow cheeks. He looked like one worn down by suffering and disease; yet one whom neither disease nor suffering could conquer, and to whom remorse was unknown. He did not move when his visiters entered, otherwise than to raise his head. As he did so, Grayson recognized at a glance the stranger whom he had seen at the tavern the night before Blake's execution, and at the gallows.

"Well, judge," said he, as soon as he saw who they were, "I sent for you, to see if you can't get me out of this scrape. *Must* I hang to-morrow?"

The judge shook his head. "It's idle to hope," said he; "nothing can prevent your execution."

"An application might be made to the higher authorities," said the prisoner. "Pardons have come, you know, even on the scaffold."

"None will come in your case," replied the magistrate. "It is needless for me to dwell on your offense now; but it was one that had no palliation, and you may rest assured that whatever may have occurred in other cases, no pardon will come in yours. In fact, I understand that an application has been made for one, by your counsel, and has been refused."

The features of the prisoner underwent no change; nor did the expression of his face alter in the least. But after a moment's pause, he said: "Is this true, judge—upon your honor?"

"It is," replied the judge.

"Then I know the worst," replied the criminal, coldly, "and will now tell, what I have to communicate, which I would not have done, while there was a hope of escape. You," said he, turning to the judge, "presided at the trial of young Henry Blake, who was accused of murder, and sentenced him to death."

"I did."

"And *you*," said he, turning to Grayson, "were one of the witnesses against him. You swore that you saw him stab Wickliffe. On your testimony, principally, he was hung."

"I was," replied the old man; "I saw him with my own eyes."

The prisoner uttered a low, sneering laugh, as he said, turning to the judge:

"You, sir, sentenced an innocent man."

"And you," said he, turning to the other, "swore to a falsehood. Harry Blake did not kill Wickliffe. He was as innocent of the sin of murder as you were—more innocent than you are now."

The old man staggered as if he had been struck, and leaned against the table to support himself, whilst the condemned felon stood opposite him, looking at him with a cold, indifferent air.

"Yes, old man," said he, sternly, "you have blood and perjury on your soul; for I, I," said he, stepping forward, so that the light of the lamp fell strongly upon his savage features, "I murdered William Wickliffe! I did it! Thank God, *I* did it, for I had a long score to settle with him. But Blake had no hand in it. I met Wickliffe on that afternoon, alone—with none to interfere between us. I told him of the injuries he had done me, and I told him that the time was come for redress. He endeavored to escape; but I followed him up; I grappled with him, and stabbed him. As I did so, I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and I leaped into a clump of bushes which grew at the roadside. At that moment Blake came up, and found Wickliffe lying dead in the road. You know the rest. The tale he told was as true as the gospel. He was only attempting to draw the knife from the man's breast when you came up and charged him with the murder!"

"Good God! can this be possible!" ejaculated the old man. "It cannot! Villain, you are a liar!"

"Pshaw!" muttered the man. "What could I gain by a lie? To-morrow I die."

"I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" exclaimed Grayson, pacing the cell, and wringing his hands. "God in mercy grant that it may be false!—that this dreadful sin may not be upon me!"

The prisoner sat down, and looked at the judge and the witness with a calmness which had something almost fiendish in it, when contrasted with the extreme agitation of the one, and the mental agony of the other.

At last the old man stopped in front of him; and with a calmness so suddenly assumed in the midst of his paroxysm of remorse, that it even overawed the criminal, said: "You are one whose life has been a tissue of falsehood and crime. You must prove what you have said, or I'll not believe it."

"Be it so," replied the prisoner. "I saw the whole transaction, and heard all your testimony at the trial; for I was there too. I'll now tell you what occurred at the spot of the murder, which you did not mention, but which I saw. When you rode up, the man with you jumped off his horse and seized Blake by the collar; your hat fell off on the pommel of your saddle, but you caught it before it reached the ground. You then sprang off your horse, and whilst Walton held Blake, you examined the body. You attempted to pull the knife from his breast, but it was covered with blood, and slipped from your fingers. You rubbed your hand on the ground, and, going to a bush on the roadside, broke off some leaves and wiped your hands upon them, and afterwards the handle of the knife. You then drew it out, and washed it in a small puddle of water at the foot of a sumach bush. As you did so, you looked round at Blake, who was standing with his arms folded, and who said, 'Don't be uneasy about me, Caleb; I didn't kill Wickliffe, and don't intend to escape.' At one time you were within six feet of where I was. It's lucky you did not find me, for I was ready at that moment to send you to keep company with Wickliffe; but I saw all, even when you stumbled and dropped your gloves as you mounted your horse."

"God have mercy on me!" ejaculated Grayson. "This is all true! But one word more. I heard Wickliffe, as we rode up, shriek out, 'Mercy, mercy, Harry!'"

"He was begging for his life——My first name is Harry!"

The old man clasped his hands across his face, and fell senseless on the floor.

It is needless to go into the details of the prisoner's confession, which was so full and clear, that it left no doubt on the mind of the judge that he was guilty of Wickliffe's murder, and that Harry Blake was another of those who had gone to swell the list of victims to Circumstantial Evidence.

From an Address before the Harvard Musical Association.

MUSIC.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

All art is language. In the soul of the artist, nature is transmuted and reformed in some shape, which is art. The truth and force of a true work of art are incalculable. A simple thought or feeling whose heart is laid in the true use of beauty, will vibrate over the whole world. There is no end to its blessings: it is of higher worth than wood, fire, and clothing, for it warms, feeds and clothes the heart. It goes over the broad continent, and is not lost on the waste of waters; it touches the heart of the lonely forester in the western prairie; it assails the ears of kings; it makes science its friend and ally, and the winds and waves cherish it. Art writes out the stone history of religion in the Grecian temples, in the Gothic cathedral, and in the Catholic St. Peters. It gleams through the battling verse of Homer, the ascetic rhyme of Dante, and the majestic cadence of Milton; it carves the statues of Greece and of the Medicean age; it paints the cartoons and the terrific forms of the Sistine Chapel; it breathed through the early shepherd's pipe upon the Grecian plain, and in the august and imposing beauty of the Messiah. The heaven-born truth which lay in the one greatest soul, runs like a shuttle with a golden thread through the great tissue of events. On the dark ground of despair shine the "gold candles" of those, whose aspiration was higher than to be bounded within the uses of this world; and the great names of Homer, Michael-Angelo, Dante, Shakspeare, Goethe and Beethoven, stand like watch-towers, burning wearilessly, and with the proud assurance that only by being true to ourselves, we may conquer the world and time.

To the musical composer, all of beauty becomes melodious air. His soul is but a harp which an infinite breath modulates; his senses are but as strings which weave the passing air into rhythm and cadence. Poetry is a much coarser transmutation of thought, though she has stolen the wings of her sister. Words are but weak hieroglyphs of the inner sense compared with tones; words are deflected from their original significance, and wear away; but tones are one and the same forever. In a casual word, the intonation may reveal instantaneously, what accumulated pages could not so clearly interpret. All the emotions, passions and sentiments wreak themselves upon our *tones*. In them is revealed the habitual pursuit of life, as well as the evanescent feeling of the moment. There are the false intervals of the querulous, the chromatics of the despondent, the monotone of the weak-minded, the diatonic of the enthusiastic. The tones of our voice are like the expression in the eye, which give us glimpses into the inner world. How cold and lifeless seem those printed words, which, when they trembled on the inspired lips of the orator, were winged with fire—which thrilled us through, and stopped the blood in our veins as he spoke them! They are but the dry bones, which were before blooming and radiant in color and life. All this is so familiar, that we pass it by as trite. But music treasures these suggestions, and on this scaffolding erects a temple of fire and air, radiant with a thousand hues, and permanent as the soul. Do we then claim too much for music? Is it so wonderful that the "electric chain with which we are darkly bound" should vibrate to the touch of these gathered tones, when the simplest of them all reveals more than we can speak, and nearest all that we feel? Is it not, as Carlyle says, "a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that."

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

How astonished people will be, when they arrive in Heaven, to find the angels, who are so much wiser than they, laying no scheme to get made arch-angels.

What a happy family is the family of the Sun! With what order, with what harmony, with what blessed peace, do his children, the planets, move around him: shining, with the light, which they drink in from their Parent's face, at once upon him, and on one another.

It has been violently agitated whether a ray of *light* is complex, or whether it is simple, and the difference of color arises merely from differences in objects illuminated. Is God's *truth* multiform, or one and the same, while it is the mind of man that makes a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven? The analogy between light and life convinces me that whatever be the true solution in *one* case, the *other* will be similar.

Posterity has cast her shadow before, and we are at this moment reposing under it.

THE FOP, TOO, IS OUR BROTHER.—Within the most starched cravat there passes a wind-pipe and wesand, and under the thickliest embroidered waistcoat beats a heart.—*T. Carlyle.*

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

Warts.—These troublesome and often painful excrescences, covering the hands sometimes to the number of a hundred or two, may be destroyed by a simple, safe, and certain application. Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up—then wash the hands or warts with this for a minute or two, and allow them to dry without being wiped. This repeated for two or three days, will gradually destroy the most irritable wart. Its theory appears to be that warts having a lower power of vitality than the skin, the alkali is sufficient to produce the disorganization of the former without effecting the latter. The warts never return.

How to Boil Potatoes.—The following recipe has been often tried, and decidedly the best extant—"Good and indifferent potatoes depend very much upon the manner in which they are prepared for the table. Some cooks have always heavy, hard, watery potatoes, while others for the most part, have them dry, mealy, and excellent. The difference depends, generally, upon the difference in cooking; the first puts the potatoes in cold water, warms them through by a slow fire, and cools them as slowly, while the other puts them in boiling water, stirs the fire till they are just done, takes them out immediately, throws a wet cloth round them, and gently squeezes each with the hand till it cracks open, for the particles of water to escape in the form of steam, then peel them, and they are exactly right. By this plan almost any potato will do well."

Fall Ploughing.—Where lands are very rough, and much labor with the team is required to subdue them, in the fall there is ample time to do the work thoroughly, and generally the team is in better condition to perform the labor, and man and team both can be better spared for this heavy job, than in the midst of the hurry and pressure of spring work. Our best farmers plough much of their old ground late in the fall, under the belief that this practice is fatal to worms and insects. The best gardeners in our vicinity thus treat the land they intend to plant with cabbages, and plough just before the ground freezes up.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Preparations for Winter.—Be putting your dry fuel under cover—be collecting such fuel as lies scattered about where the snows of winter will cover it and prevent your finding it when wanted.

Drive the needed stakes, and make all necessary preparation for banking up your houses and other buildings where banks are desirable.

Batten if necessary your barns and sheds, so that your animals shall not be exposed to currents of air pressing in directly upon them through cracks.

Make for the hogs a warm nest. *Comfort*—we have before said, and we repeat it—*comfort* is cheap food for all domestic animals. If you can throw the manure from the horse stalls where the pigs can get access to it, they will like that much to sleep upon. In cold nights they will go to that, even if it be out of doors, rather than sleep upon straw in any common hog-house or barn. If you can make under the barn a good receptacle for your manure, and can winter the pigs there in a warm place, they will thrive better than where exposed to cold, and your manure will be much better for having them among it. Four shoats will gain 100 lbs. more on the same feed, in four winter months, if kept in a warm and comfortable cellar, than they will in a common pen.—*Ib.*

NEW FREE CALICOES.

JUST Received, 1 case of new style free calicoes, superfine quality. Also, a lot of free ginghams.
CHARLES WISE,
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WM. P. POWELL, 61 Cherry street, will furnish at the lowest market prices, a superior quality of Peach-Orchard, Schuylkill, Lehigh, Lackawana, and Liverpool Coals. ☞Orders through the Post Office, and otherwise, if left at either of the following places, will be thankfully received, and promptly attended to,

At 143 Nassau street; 61 Cherry street; Office of People's Press, 9 Spruce street.
New-York, September 29, 1842.

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JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 143 Nassau street, New-York, and No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, "A KISS FOR A BLOW." By Henry C. Wright. Price, 37 1-2 cents.
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No. 241 Arch street, one door below 7th.
Philadelphia, June 16, 1842. p.—6m.

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TERMS—the same as in New-York; i. e. $2,00 a year if paid in advance; $2,50 if not paid within six months.

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SLOCOMB HOWLAND, Sherwood Corners, Cayuga co. N.Y.
PRINCE JACKSON, Syracuse, Onondaga Co., N. Y.
THOS. HUTCHINSON, King's Ferry, Cayuga Co. N. Y
CALEB B. ROGERS, Norwich, Conn.
H. W. WILLIAMS, 25 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.
JOHN C. MERRITT, Bethpage, L. I.
JESSE HOLMES, Lloydsville, Belmont Co. Ohio.
JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, Cortsville, Clark Co. Ohio.
JAMES BOYLE, Cincinnati, Ohio.
ASAPH TURNER, Geneva, Ashtabula Co. Ohio.
JAMES AUSTIN, Marlborough, Stark Co.
LEMUEL JONES, Mount Pleasant, Jefferson Co. Ohio.
ISAAC LEWIS, Short Creek, Harrison Co. Ohio.
DR. ABRAHAM BROOKE, Oakland, Clinton Co. Ohio.
DE WITT C. STERRY, Oberlin, Lorain Co. Ohio.
WILLIAM CRAFT, St. Clairsville, Ohio.
Capt. ALEXANDER H. ROBINSON, Nantucket, Mass.
DOCTOR IDDINGS, Greensboro, Henry county, Ia.
R. E. GILLETT, Oberlin, Lorain Co. Ohio.